

JULY 18, 1955

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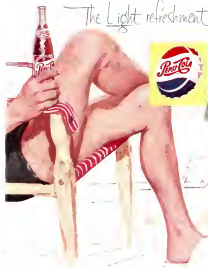
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WHEN Jim Murray filed the story in this issue which accompanies the four color pages on the Ellsworth Ranch—the childhood stamping ground of the distinguished Californian on SI's cover this week—he could not let the occasion pass without pointing out that Swaps is the 11th Californian to grace our cover in 49 issues.* As a loyal Californian himself (by way of Hartford, Conn.), Murray finds nothing disproportionate in this fact.

"To begin where we are," he wrote, "California has the last two Kentucky Derby winners, Swaps and Determine. And the world's leading jockey, Willie Shoemaker. California holds 12 world's records in horse racing from three furlongs (straight course) to three miles, if you include Furagut's 5:15 mark in 1941 at Agua Caliente, which after all is close enough to be claimed by expansionist Californians.

"H. Allen Smith has already noted in SI (May 9) that we have probably supplied the largest one-state bloc of major league baseball players from 1934 to date. He seemed surprised. I don't know why. Where else would you find three DiMaggios?

"California has had fly-casting champions; the national horseshoe-pitching champion; the 1954 national public links champion; the outstanding college track and field team of all time (USC); so many world and Olympic record holders that we'd be all afternoon listing them; six national figure-skating champions; the 1954 football coach of the year, Red Sanders, and the team of the year, UCLA; the most talked-of fighter in the country, Archie Moore; the 1954 bicycle champions in the half-mile, five-mile and ten-mile events; and everyone knows about California and tennis from May Bundy to Helen Wills to Beverly Fleitz to Louise Brough, not to mention Jack Kramer. In basketball we have the NCAA champs, the University of San Francisco; in golf, native son Gene Littler. And they all, including Jack Fleck, come here to start each year with the L.A. Open.

"In short, for sports there's no place in the world like California. And it goes on all the year round, in the mountains, the lakes, the fields, the stadiums and the ocean."

Jim Murray's attitude is typical of the enthusiasm of Californians for their state, for their sports and, I am happy to say, for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.



Harry Phillips

* Others: Ed Mathews, Y. A. Title, Ken Sears, Bill Kimmont, Joe Altos, Parry O'Brien, Leo Durocher and Laraine Day, Zale Parry, Duke Snider, Kippax Fearnought.

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COVER: SWAPS

Photograph by Bob Landry

When Swaps romped home to take the Kentucky Derby last spring, long-suffering California horsemen began to crow that their time for national recognition had finally come. Nothing Swaps has done since the Derby has dampened their enthusiasm. Running under wraps most of the time, Swaps has left his competition far behind in eight straight races, and Californians are comparing him with Man o' War. But the most interesting thing about Swaps, perhaps, is his home life, which in Kentucky would be described as underprivileged. James Murray and Swaps' trainer Milt Tenney, aided by four full pages of color, report it in detail on pages 52-59.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

OLYMPIC LABORS DOWN UNDER

A report by Coles Pheasant on how Melbourne is coping with the huge job of preparing for the 1956 games

HOW TO CLIMB THE MATTERHORN

All about the fun and fashions to be enjoyed around the great Swiss mountain climbers' Mecca

THE PINKY IN THE RED SOX TOE

Until Mike Higgin took over, Boston was just another team. Al Hirschberg tells how Pinky made them hot

PLUS: BREAKAGE AT HAPPY KNOLL, ANOTHER STORY IN THE DELIGHTFUL SERIES BY J. P. MARQUAND

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Gordon Pirie**, limber-legged British iron man with insatiable desire to break records, ran 1½ miles in rapid 6:26, easily surpassed Sancho Ibañez' unofficial world mark for distance at London. ● **Adios Harry**, J. Howard Lyons' bargain basement 4-year-old brown stallion pacer, tore off 1:55 2/5 clocking for mile in first heat of \$10,000 Thomas P. Gaines Memorial Pace, then broke 1:56 1/5 in second race for combined time of 3:51 3/5, stole two world race records at Vernon Downs, N.Y. ● **Bill Tenney**, former lumberjack from Dayton, Ohio, powered his souped-up Class B hydroplane at average speed

of 66.796 mph over measured mile course in Buggs Island Lake regatta at Clarksville, Va., lowered own world standard by better than 2 mph. ● **Dave McIntyre**, fast-moving North Carolina State AC swimmer, barreled through 165-yard individual medley in 1:44.4; **Buddy Baarcke**, of Fort Knox, representing Chapel Hill (N.C.) Swim Club, swam 100-meter butterfly in 1:45.2, for new American long-course marks in Palmetto open championships at Columbia, S.C. ● **Galina Ermolenko**, Russian student teacher, slipped over 80-meter hurdles in 6:10.3, set new world record for women at Leningrad.

BASEBALL

New York Yankees rebounded from four straight losses, took three out of four from Washington Senators as **Tommy Byrne** and **Bob Turley** hurled successive shutouts (3-0, 4-0) and powerful **Mickey Mante** blasted three home runs. Yankees led Cleveland by five games, Chicago by six as play halted for All-Star Game recess.

Cleveland and Boston made week's biggest gains. Indians moved into second place with four wins in five games with Detroit and Kansas City while Chicago split four with same teams. Cleveland broke even in four-game series with White Sox, winning 1-0, 5-2, losing 6-0, 4-2, held runner-up spot by single game. Surprising **Red Sox** continued to get good pitching, solid hitting from **Ted Williams**, **Norm Zaucha** and **Jackie Jensen** before bowing to Baltimore. Boston regained stride to beat last-place Orioles 5-4, 10-7, were in fourth place, seven games behind Yankees at week's end. Milwaukee, New York and St. Louis made news in National League although front-running Brooklyn Dodgers, with big **Don Newcombe** pitching his 14th win against Philadelphia, still held comfortable 1½½-game lead. Braves started badly, lost twice to Cardinals, recovered to beat Chicago Cubs 5-1 behind three-hit pitching of lanky **Gene Conley** and 3-2 on **Bobby Thomson**'s single, took over second place. Milwaukee stretched string to six straight with four wins over Cincinnati before Redlegs managed 7-6 triumph.

Giants, with **Willie Mays** hitting home runs and **Johnny Antonelli** and **Jim Hearn** (who also clubbed two homers in one game) doing some fine pitching, showed signs of awakening from season-long slump, regained fourth place. **Lee Durocher's** men mowed down Pittsburgh and Philadelphia with loss of only one game, dropped 3-8 slugfest to Brooklyn, stormed back to beat surprised Dodgers two in row 10-2, 3-2.

St. Louis, after beating Milwaukee twice, took on Cincinnati, won two out of three in series featured by slugfest match between managers **Harry (The Hat) Walker** and **Birdie Tebbets**, lost to Chicago 6-4, came back to rock slumping Cubs 4-2, moved from seventh to fifth place.

SAILING

Mare Nostrum, owned and skippered by **Enrique Urrutia**, Spanish-born Mexican citizen, its position unopposed for 10 days because of radio trouble, sailed into San Sebastian well ahead of **John Hertz Jr.'s** *Theodora* to become surprise winner of 4,200-mile race from Havana.

Gene Walek III, 20-year-old New Orleans skipper who has won Mallory Cup two years running, sailed his 28-foot Dragon Class racer to three firsts, one second in trials at Port Townsend, Wash., earned right to represent U.S. in Olympic Games next year.

BOXING

Floyd Patterson, quick-handed young (21) Brooklyn light heavyweight, moved into heavyweight division, caught up to veteran **Archie McBride** in sixth, unleashed lightninglike combinations to score seventh-round KO in New York.

Sandy Saddler, free-swinging featherweight champion, had rough time with Japan's game **Shigeji Kaneko** for two rounds, dropped exhausted rival with left hook in sixth, won by TKO when Kaneko's seconds tossed in towel at Tokyo.

Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission completed lengthy investigation of May 6 fight between top-ranked light heavyweight **Harold Johnson** and **Jefie Medeiros**, in which Johnson collapsed at end of second round, decided Philadelphia fighter was drugged before bout; that he, his manager and handlers "acted against best interests of boxing" by failing to report illness. Commission meted out six-month suspensions to **Johnson**; his manager of record, **Tommy (Loughman) Loughrey**; his longtime trainer, **Clarence (Skinny) Davidson**; picked up **Lee Gross's** second's license for three months. Matchmaker **Pete (Mangine) Moran**, arrested on perjury charge during hearings held in Philadelphia, was found guilty of representing Johnson without being registered as manager, had his matchmaker's and promoter's license revoked. As added punishment, Johnson's \$41,133.33 purse was ordered forfeited. At week's end, National Boxing Association announced it would honor suspensions; Gov. **George M. Leader**, whose 90-day ban on boxing in state is due to end August 9, planned to issue statement; attorneys for Johnson and Moran prepared to appeal.

GOLF

Peter Thomson, 25-year-old Australian pro who won his first British Open last year, parlayed consistency, even temperament and brilliant strategy into 281 for 72 holes, finished two strokes ahead of England's John Falson, three in front of unheralded **Frank Jewis** (who shot astounding 63 for course record in qualifying round), repeated his 1954 victory at St. Andrews. **Ed Furgate's** 292 was best score for American while little **Joe Conrad**, British Amateur champion, was leading amateur with 293.

Tommy Bolt, weather-beaten Texas pro, controlled his temper, woods and irons, shot brilliant 68 in final round to overtake **Jerry Barber** of Los Angeles, won St. Paul open by two strokes with 19-under-par 269 at St. Paul, Minn.

HORSE RACING

Judy Kullback, unbeaten little 2-year-old filly, moved up from fourth place to challenge leaders, outdueled **Guard Rail** and **Waikiki** in stalling stretch finish to win \$96,503 Arlington Lassie Stakes at Arlington Park, Arlington Heights, Ill., brought earnings to \$73,260 in four races this year.

High Gun, King Ranch's handsome 4-year-old colt who finished sixth behind **Bobby Brocato** in \$61,000 Carter Handicap earlier in week, moved out in front soon after start, stayed there to romp home 3½ lengths ahead of **Paper Tiger** in \$46,000 Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct, N.Y.

Greatest, 26-1 long shot almost scratched after finishing fifth in last race, surprised favored **Pelouse** and fast-closing **Platan** with driving finish, stormed home first by nose to take \$38,025 Michigan Mile in record-breaking 1:36 4/5 at Detroit.

Swaps, **Rex C. Ellsworth's** brilliant chestnut Kentucky Derby winner, was held in check most of way by **Willie Sheemaker** but had little trouble breasting to easy six-length victory, his eighth straight, in \$57,750 Westerner at Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.

Louis R. Mayer's **Allyson** sped mile-and-eight in 1:44 4/5 to equal 5-year-old world record while edging **Missler Gus** by scant nose in \$53,750 American Handicap at Hollywood Park.

SWIMMING

Bert Thomas, husky 250-pound Tacoma, Wash. logger, put his training as Marine frogman to good use to plow through tricky tides of icy 18.3-mile **Juan de Fuca Strait** from Port Angeles, Wash. to Victoria, B.C. in 11:07.30, became first to conquer tough international waterway (see page 11).

Greta Patterson, pretty 18-year-old blue-eyed blonde from Batavia, N.Y., plunged into Lake Erie at Angola, N.Y. at 5:35 a.m. on July 4, calmly doffed her black nylon tank suit for most of 15-mile swim, wearily crawled ashore at Crystal Beach, Ont. 13 hours 3 minutes later to successfully complete first crossing of lake at that point.

HORSE JUMPING

Hans Guenther Winkler, smooth-riding German, guided **Halla** over tricky obstacle course in 2:19 with only four faults, successfully defended his world equestrian

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

In a match race between
Swaps and Nashua, which
horse do you think would
win? (Asked at the annual
Belmont Ball at Belmont Park)

FRANK C. BISHOP, Monterey, Calif.



Owner, Laguna Seca
Ranch

"What can be easier? Swaps, of course. That question has been settled. Swaps' superiority was clearly established in the Kentucky Derby. He had Nashua beat heads down. It wasn't even close. Swaps was still going away at the finish after leading the pack all the way. It was no contest."

WRS. ROBERT V. McKIM, Aiken, S.C.



Swaps is the champion today. He'll win if they race at some midway track like Chicago. But if Swaps comes all the way East to Belmont, Nashua may win."

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



Boston and New York

"If I were cold-blooded and had no sentiment about this match race, I'd bet on Swaps. I can't forget how he ran away from Nashua at the finish of the Kentucky Derby. But I want Nashua to win and I'll be rooting like crazy for him to win. No, I won't bet on Swaps. I couldn't and root for Nashua."

ROBERT E. STRAWBRIDGE JR., Philadelphia



President, Coaching
Club of America

"Nashua. He is getting better all the time. With the lone exception of the Kentucky Derby, he has shown improvement in every race. He set a track record in the Freshman. In a match race, Nashua will push Swaps so hard all the way that he will run away from him at the finish."

HARRY TUCKER, New York



Horseman and stockbroker

"Swaps, I know what I'm talking about. I was a top amateur jockey from 1907-'30. Swaps came within two-fifths of a second

of breaking Whirlaway's record in the Derby. Jimmy, I'll bet anyone \$1,000 that Swaps will win in a match race. Here's the dough. You can hold the stakes."

ELIZABETH NIGHTINGALE GRAHAM



New York Owner and breeder

"On equal weights, it's a tossup. It would be a great race. The horse that gets the breaks would win. I can't make a definite prediction. Too much depends on the weather and the jockey. But I know that my horse, Jet Action, could beat them both. It's unfortunate that he hurt his feet."

EDEN KELLEY, New York



"Nashua. Arcaro made the same mistake in the Kentucky Derby that Guerin made on Native Dancer against Dark Star.

He let Swaps get too long a lead. Native Dancer kicked Dark Star decisively in a subsequent race. Nashua will beat Swaps as decisively."

JOHN A. MORRIS, New York



President Jamaica Track

"Nashua. Arcaro will not let Swaps run his race. He'll push Nashua from the start. Swaps will have to run hard all the way. A match race is different from one with a large field. No other horse can set the pace while the favorites save themselves for the finish. I don't think Swaps can take it."

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT WHITNEY,

Old Westbury, N.Y. Owner, C. V. Whitney Farm



"It depends on the distance and weight. If both horses carry the same weight, the longer the race, the better chance Nashua has. I

haven't seen Swaps run but I know he is a great horse. In a match race, Arcaro on Nashua won't let Swaps get such a commanding lead. I'll be rooting for Nashua."

ISABEL DOOGIE SLOANE, Upperville, Va.

Owner of Rockmade Farm



"It depends on many things, but mostly on the track. Churchill Downs is very difficult. Many favorites lose there. Nashua will undoubtedly run better on a great track like Belmont. But Swaps is a very exciting horse. The way he lashed and sprinted away from Nashua makes him the favorite."

MRS. HENRY AUCHINCLOSS COLGATE

New York



"Nashua. He is the stronger horse, will improve with distance and win over a longer course. In a match race, Arcaro will push Nashua all the way. He won't hold back and try for a strong finish, as he did in the Derby. Swaps can't stand the pace. Nashua will win by two or three lengths."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

Is Phil Wrigley right in refusing to install lights for night baseball at Wrigley Field?

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EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

A breath in time • Lunch for goodness' sake • The noise from the wet curve • Carbo on Carbo • Davy's disciples start eating • A whoop for naturalists

HEAT AT HALF TIME

THE BASEBALL SEASON is now half over and—except for the American and National League All-Stars, who had work to do in Milwaukee—major leaguers took a three-day, or half-time, vacation this week. The breather came just in time for a lot of overheated performers, including Manager Birdie Tebbetts, 40, of Cincinnati and Manager Harry (The Hat) Walker, 35, of St. Louis, who so far forgot their years and dignity the other day as to rattle and pummel each other (inconclusively except for \$100 fines) all over the turf of Crosley Field in an argument over delays in the game.

It was hot in Boston too, but the hottest of all were the Red Sox of Fenway Park, and Bostonians hoped devoutly that nothing would happen over the major league holiday to cool them off. From early June until this week, Manager Mike Higgins' ball club has won 29 of its last 36 games and has suddenly begun acting like a pennant contender. Indeed, if the baseball season had started in June instead of in April, the Red Sox would now be leading the league some seven games ahead of the New York Yankees.

The city of Boston had an unmistakable case of pennant fever, most clearly symptomized by a *Globe* columnist who proclaimed: "Commissioner Ford Frick has not announced World Series details as yet, but this is the outlook: to open in Boston, Wednesday, September 28. First two games at Fenway Park, next three at Ebbets Field, the final two—if necessary—at

Fenway Park. Frank Sullivan vs. Don Newcombe in the opener."

While those late wranglers, Birdie Tebbetts and Harry Walker, went to the All-Star Game to forget their troubles, Boston's Mike Higgins decided not to make the trip, turned down an invitation to go fishing, just sat at home and smiled.

WHITE HOUSE LUNCH

FOOTBALL WAS Dwight Eisenhower's big sport as a boy in Kansas and at West Point, until a knee injury sidelined him permanently, and throughout a busy career in public service he has found time for fishing, hunting,

golf and bridge, among others. This week, as world events crowded his schedule, he found the time to encourage such activity among other Americans.

To the White House for a luncheon meeting with the President came more than a score of athletes, coaches, officials and prominent sportsmen. Invitees included Army and Navy Football Coaches Earl Blaik and Eddie Erdelatz, boxing's Gene Tunney, baseball's Ford Frick and Willie Mays, golf's Bobby Jones and Jack Fleck and Horseman William Woodward Jr., owner of the famous Nashua. Their purposer to help the draft plans to

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Swaps, stretching his unbeaten string to eight—seven as a 3-year-old—and his earnings to \$349,900 (Nashua has won \$890,000) came within 4½ seconds of the Hollywood Park track record for 1 1/4 miles in winning the Westerner Handicap with Jockey Willie Shoemaker pulling on the reins throughout the race.

Peter Thomson, the handsome young Australian, followed his so-so winter showing on the American professional circuit with his second straight British Open against the best (but still relatively undistinguished) European golfers and a handful of Americans including Ed Furgel.

Lawn Tennis opened the umpteenth Sports Hall of Fame at Newport, R.I. and probed the gallant era for its first selectees, among whom were such former national singles champions as Richard Sears, Henry Slocum Jr., Oliver Campbell, Robert Wrenn and Malcolm Whitman.

The cry of another Joe Louis was again being sounded around 31-year-old light-heavyweight Floyd Patterson following his sixth-round knockout of Archie McBride, causing Floyd's manager, Gus D'Amato, to yell, "He is going to be the youngest heavyweight champion of all time." Louis was 23 when he took the title.

In view of Vic Seltas' continuing sore shoulder, Davis Cup optimism was running high in the Australian camp as its youthful five-man team invaded Chicago for matches with the Mexican Cup team, first of several pre-Challenge Rounds in the U.S.

Their hot streak continuing on the crest of Ted Williams' amazing slugging, the Boston Red Sox were looking forward to playing the annual Cooperstown Hall of Fame game against the Milwaukee Braves on July 25, a meeting hopefully regarded by ardent partisans of the two teams as a World Series preview.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 9

inspire youth to be sports participants rather than merely passive spectators.

A minor problem this, compared, for example, to the nettles of international disarmament, yet an area of general welfare worthy of the attention of the President of the United States. As he flew later in the week to another meeting, in Geneva, he could look back with satisfaction on having set in motion a program designed to help youngsters all over the country lead better-rounded lives.

UNWRITTEN LAW?

PREACHER ROE's cheerful admission that he indeed used the outlawed spitball during his major league career (SI, July 4) has raised a clatter in baseball circles as remarkable in its own way as Roe's confession.

Take the way Sportswriter Gayle Talbot of the Associated Press attempted to summarize professional reaction: "Baseball men . . . feel the veteran spoke out of turn and say they would not have violated such a sacred pledge. . . . Baseball writers, many of whom knew all along that Roe was dipping into the old saliva, are aggrieved that they permitted themselves to be scooped. There is a sort of unwritten law within the profession that certain things, such as a player's drinking habits and cheating on the field, are not discussed in print."

Now this is, at first superficial glance, a commendably moral attitude, but it has a cynical ring like the 11th commandment ("Thou shalt not get caught"). The fact that Roe broke the letter of baseball law does not seem to disturb such professionals so much as the fact that he talked about it.

Perhaps the unwritten law, if written, would read: Thou shalt see and hear but thou shalt not report. It's safer that way. And easier.

SHAGGY HORSE STORIES

OF COURSE, the headline racing news of the weekend is that Swaps had another breezy victory in the \$57,750 Westerner at Hollywood Park while High Gun romped home in the \$56,000 Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct. We should be the last to wish to detract from the lustre of these victories—triumphs of the favorites, witnessed by tight-packed audiences, read about by millions and thoughtfully pondered by the hundreds of thousands of serious

mathematicians who try to figure out some way of winning on horse races. But three of our favorite horse stories of the week involve thoroughbreds you never heard of.

The first begins with a long-shot bettor named Mrs. Titus Haffa, the wife of a millionaire Chicago appliance manufacturer. Mrs. Haffa generally goes to the Arlington Park track on Wednesdays and Saturdays. There, on a sweltering weekday afternoon, she observed



in the fourth race a horse which struck her as having no chance at all, an underized 6-year-old mare named My Red Gelfen. "When she came out on the track," said Mrs. Haffa, "I decided that the poor skinny little thing didn't have a chance." She accordingly bet \$100 on My Red Gelfen. As if inspired, the animal came from nowhere in the stretch to win her first race in two years. She paid 140-1. This earned \$14,000 for sympathetic Mrs. Haffa and, she explained, made her "just about even for the season."

The second incident concerns Trainer Holley Hughes and an 8-year-old gelding named Fulton. Fulton had won one race in three starts this year (and won only \$740 last year) before being entered in an event appropriately titled the Forget Hurdle Handicap at Aqueduct. Hughes tried to scratch Fulton. But he had forgotten that the Forget Hurdle was no longer a stakes race (in which a horse can be pulled out of the lineup 45 minutes before post time) but a handicap race requir-

ing 8:30 a.m. notice and reasons for scratching. So the stewards refused to listen to Hughes's reasons, and demanded that Fulton run. Run he did, like a steamboat round the bend, a terrific race, with the favorite tossing his rider, the whip knocked from Fulton's jockey's hand and Fulton winning by a neck to earn \$6,880.

The next day, in the fourth race at Aqueduct, a trainer tried to scratch an oddier named Coriantumr. Coriantumr received his unlikely name because his owner wanted one that would reflect the names of his five grandchildren. In five starts this year Coriantumr had not received enough attention to get his name spelled right. Perhaps because Fulton's victory had gone to their heads, the stewards insisted this animal likewise at least circle the track with the others. It would be pleasant to report that Coriantumr won. In fact, he did, prancing out of his stall, waltzing around before taking off and whizzing around the track to beat a field of favored 3-year-olds by three lengths, paying \$9.10.

WAY DOWN YONDER

THREE WEEKS AGO, Mr. Blaise D'Antoni, that millionaire New Orleans promoter, provided one of the high spots in boxing's social season when he made a gala New York debut before such celebrated sportsmen as James D. Norris, president of the International Boxing Club, and Mr. Frankie Carbo, president of boxing.

Now, returning the call, Mr. Carbo has been in New Orleans making *his* debut, and, from all accounts, it too has been a gala one. In the course of making his bow, Mr. Carbo appeared at a soiree marking the unveiling of Mr. D'Antoni's \$40,000 saloon, the Neutral Corner, and at an impromptu levee in a gym featuring Mr. D'Antoni, Mr. Frank Costello and the Brothers Geigerman, Dudley and Bonnie, men of consequence. At both the soiree and levee all went well, save that at the former Mr. Carbo threw a number of guests into a mild tizzy by reverting to his old Broadway habit of retiring to a distant table where he could keep 1) his back against the wall and 2) his eye on everyone in the joint.

However, the *pièce de résistance* came when an alert reporter caught Mr. Carbo alone in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel. Mr. Carbo, raffishly clad in a blue jacket, gray trousers, black and white wing-tip shoes and a white shirt open at the throat, was reading a billet-doux when the reporter asked, "Aren't



STRATEGY

*Our crew sure pulled a neat surprise.
Look at how they grin.
By using brains instead of ears
They swept on to win.*

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

you Frankie Carbo? I think I recognize you from your pictures."

Carbo eyed the reporter coldly. "I don't speak to strangers," he said.

The reporter explained that he only had a few questions.

"I'm sorry," said Carbo. "I don't have any comment."

"We wanted to know whom you've been seeing and what you've been doing," persisted the reporter. "Do you plan to bring some fights down here?"

"Look," Carbo said, "I'm not an actor. I'm not a politician."

"Well," said the reporter, "you've become a public figure. You're going to be written about anyway."

"They've been writing about me without talking to me. Let them go ahead that way. I wouldn't bother you, violate your privacy," Carbo said before plunging into a rare philosophical mood. "If an FBI man walked in to me, he'd say, 'I've got a few questions to ask you.' But before he'd ask them, he'd say, 'What you say can be held against you.' Newspapermen, they're different. They hide in the bushes and take your picture and things like that. Do you think that's fair?"

"I'm leveling with you," the reporter said. "I've told you who I am and what I want to know. I heard you were buying a house down here. Is that right?"

Carbo shrugged. "Do you know Mr. D'Antoni?" he asked.

"No," answered the reporter.

"Well," Carbo said as he took the reporter's hand and shook it, "look him up. Maybe we can all have coffee together."

MOPPETS AND MUFFETS

If your youngster suddenly takes a liking to certain cereals of the Quaker Oats Co. in the next few weeks, chances are he has more than crunchiness and a gnawing stomach on his mind. Quaker has begun parking general admission baseball tickets in cereal boxes in a \$1.5 million promotion that may result in turning the Davy Crockett set into hot-eyed ball park regulars.

The blue ticket in each cereal box admits the holder (if under 12 and accompanied by a paying adult relative) to most any ball park in organized baseball free of charge. Of all major league teams, only the prosperous Yankees have refused to go along—and even George Weiss and the Yankees must have been sorely tempted, considering the obvious risk of turning

thousands of Bronx cereal eaters into Dodger and Giant fans.

In general, tickets admit the Quaker cereal consumer to any weekday afternoon game in the majors and to night games in 212 of 216 minor league parks. Five major league clubs (Brooklyn, Boston, Milwaukee, Detroit and Kansas City) restrict the tickets to certain days. The campaign began July 1, timed so kids would be out of



school and not tempted to play hooky to see a game. As yet, not all stores have boxes with tickets. Some boxes feature an offer of an ounce of genuine prospecting land from Canada's Klondike for 25 cents.

Baseball in general welcomes the plan as a promising gimmick for filling empty seats, especially in the minor leagues. Quaker Oats? Well, they'll be pleased, naturally, if it helps save the minors, but frankly their big idea is just to sell more cereal.

BERT'S STRAIT

FOR ALMOST a year, Americans and Canadians facing each other across the Strait of Juan de Fuca looked on with cheerful confidence as swimmer after swimmer attempted to con-

quer the 18.3-mile-wide channel which splits western British Columbia from the state of Washington. The chilling, tide-ripped strait was supreme, citizens told themselves; it was a sort of Niagara Falls turned sideways. And to a man they felt certain that it would spit back all challengers like so many watermelon seeds.

One of those challengers was a logger from Tacoma named Bert Thomas, who looked more like a watermelon than its seed. A heavy-hipped 250-pounder, Bert showed up in Victoria, B.C. last March set out on swimming the strait. He failed in his first attempt (SI, April 25) after four hours and 10 minutes in the water. But ex-Marine Thomas didn't give up. He tried three more times, but the relentless tide kept spitting him back on the Canadian shore.

Then Bert had an idea. He would start out from the U.S. side and head for Victoria. At 6:50 p.m. last Thursday the strait was flat and windless when Bert plunged in at Port Angeles, Wash. His big worry was the unpredictable tides, but before Bert had too much time to fret about them a flood tide gave him a boost toward the Canadian shore.

From then on Bert Thomas was a confident man, despite a left shoulder rubbed raw from the friction of his sidestroke. Each hour Bert would rest while a crew member aboard the work boat fed him orange juice through a

continued on next page



"Some dame in section K sends you her compliments."

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plastic tube attached to a fishing pole. As Bert neared the lights of Victoria, radios aboard two other boats rocked with the echoing strains of *The Marine Hymn*.

At 6:08 a.m. Bert sprinted the remaining 25 yards to the beach, where he was met by 2,000 enthusiastic early risers. After pocketing \$2,800 in prize money, Bert Thomas announced he was looking for "a smart agent" to look after his interests while he got ready to swim back the "other way."

WHOOPI!

THE MOST dedicated joint detective job in U.S.-Canadian history—or, ornithological division, that is—has been the postwar search for the nesting grounds of the tall, beautiful and all-but-vanished whooping crane. If *Grus americana's* nesting area can be found, the region can be made an inviolate sanctuary and a number of other thoughtful measures attempted to save the species—once a sky-filling race but now reduced to hardly two dozen birds. From Canada's remote Northwest Territories now comes a dispatch from John O'Reilly, SI's nature writer, which should thrill bird fans and conservationists roughly as much as the conquest of Everest and the four-minute mile thrilled adventurers, mountain climbers and track fans: the whooping cranes' nesting grounds have been found and North America's greatest ornithological puzzle has been solved. Using airplanes and helicopters, members of a joint U.S. and Canadian team scoured thousands of square miles of northern wasteland, on May 18 spotted two adult cranes beside a nest some 50 miles south of Great Slave Lake. Then a ground expedition headed into the crane country. "For five weeks," reports O'Reilly, "they fought mosquitoes and assorted biting flies, camped amid bears, buffalo and moose and finally were rewarded by the sight of whoopers."

Twenty-one cranes left their winter refuge in Texas last spring. Robert P. Allen of the National Audubon Society, leader in the 10-year search, now estimates that only six or seven pairs of these birds are mating, but he has been making further aerial searches. The condition of Robert Allen and his fellow experts from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Canadian Wildlife Service? "Worn out but triumphant."

FRIEND OF SPORT

SPORTSWRITERS, it has been said, are simply sports fans with typewriters. No one knew this better than Arch Ward, who died in his sleep last week at the age of 58. Like all good sports fans Ward was a hero-worshiper at heart. His idea of a perfect day's entertainment was to watch the greatest performers in any given sport assembled in the same contest. Thus it was that back in 1933, as part of the Chicago World's Fair, he conceived and staged the first All-Star baseball game, which he would have covered for the 32nd time if he had lived four more days. The next year he thought up and promoted the All-Star football game between the college stars and the professional champions.

Ward's professional title was sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. As such he bossed the country's biggest staff of sportswriters (42) and drew a salary estimated as high as \$75,000. Yet Ward's fame as a journalist was only secondary; his daily column, "In the Wake of the News," was largely ghost-written. It had known far more distinguished days under the by-line of predecessors like Ring Lardner.

The world of sport will remember Ward principally for his promotions, through whose proceeds the *Tribune* gave more than \$5 million to charity in the Chicago area alone. The biggest of these by far was the Golden Gloves, which Ward developed into the largest and finest boxing event of any year, the incubator of such champions as Joe Louis, Barney Ross, Ray Robinson and Rocky Marciano. Ward was certainly a good friend to boxing—one of its best—as he proved back in 1939 when he spent some months trying (unsuccessfully) to break the Harry Thomas-Max Schmeling fight scandal (SI, Dec. 13).

This slight, bespectacled man who looked far more like a church deacon than a lion of journalism was indeed a friend to all sports. His epitaph will be the All-Star baseball and football games, the Golden Gloves, the All-Star bowling tournament, the Silver Skates, the CYO boxing program (which his *Tribune* charities did much to support) and, of course, the great tradition of Notre Dame football, for which Arch Ward was the first publicity director in the early days of Kaute Rockne. That's as much as any sports fan could ask.

SPECTACLE

RACE WEEK

The cream of the eastern class-racing fleet comes to Larchmont for eight straight days of competition

With the firing of the first gun July 16, sending off the majestic sloops of the 12-meter class, the 57th annual regatta of the Larchmont, N.Y. Yacht Club gets under way. From that moment until the last race ends eight days later, some 300 skippers, like those jockeying their Lightnings and 110s on the opposite page, will compete in races for more than 25 different classes. To the sailors, it will be a week of stiff competition, punctuated by cocktails (every morning at 11:30), parties (every evening after the races) and climaxed by one final, glorious blowoff at the Wind-Up dinner. To the Race Committee it will be a week of pure misery, emphasized by bitter protests and starting guns that may occasionally misfire, and climaxed by the tricky business of having to decide who came in first among the 20-odd boats in three or four different classes all going over the finish line at the same time. For more about the complex sport of class-boat racing, turn to page 17.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE





THEIR BRIGHT SAILS DOTTING THE BLUE-GRAY SURFACE OF THE WATER FOR SEVEN MILES, MORE THAN 150 OF LARCHMONT'S



300 ENTRIES ARE SCUDDING THROUGH THEIR TRIANGULAR COURSES OFF THE SWEEPING CURVE OF THE WESTCHESTER SHORELINE



JIBING AROUND A LEEWARD MARK, A MISHMASH OF INTERNATIONALS, EIGHT-METERS AND ONE NEW YORK 40 HEADS FOR THE FINISH

CLASS BOATS TAKE OVER

Every weekend of summer nearly half a million sailors turn out to race the handy one-design boats that have made big-time racing everybody's pastime

by JAMES POLING

BORN out of inflation by taxes, one-design class boats like those scurrying around a leeward mark on the opposite page, have become the mainstay of today's yacht racing. At this time of year, the peak of the season, nearly half a million sailors are competing in local, regional and national regattas in bays, lakes and inlets all over the country. Their boats are tight little day-sailors of identical design that race over triangular courses set in sheltered waters, like those in the Larchmont, N.Y. regatta shown here.

These trim sloops, dinghies and cat boats have replaced the giants of the yachting world, the \$500,000 America's Cup defenders that made headlines during the first half of the century but died by sheer weight of their upkeep after the final Cup Race in 1937. Now the regattas belong to boats that measure anywhere from the 38-foot Class A Scow down through the 13½-foot Blue Jay to the tiny 10-foot Turnabout. On these pages, 16 of the more popular class boats are portrayed and briefly described as a sampling of the 200-odd classes now in competition.

Practically all the class boats are built to a meticulously defined set of lines and specific sail plans, with the intent of leveling out racing in each class so that no contestant can derive an advantage from his hull, rig or sails. Since the hulls are all the same, the helmsman's handling of the hull becomes the important factor. Because the boats all wear similar suits of sail, the racing differential lies not so much in a sail's drawing power as in the skill with which it is set and trimmed.

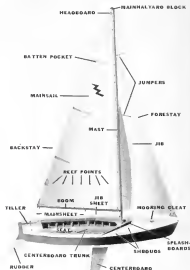
In some of the one-design classes like the Raven, all the hulls have to be made from the same mold. In the International One-Design Class the boat owners even draw lots for their sails. And in most classes the mast and boom have bands painted on them to designate limits beyond which the sail may not extend. Class boats have tried to become, in fact, the perfect leveler. And for the most part they have succeeded. One-design class racing is one of the few sports in which a 52-year-old matron can and has competed on perfectly even terms with her 25-year-old offspring or in which the sedentary office worker can out-hustle and outlast his strapping son.

There are a few exceptions. Certain classes impose general limits on hull length, sail area, etc., but allow variations within those limits and hence do not fall under the strict regulations implied by the phrase "one-design." In the International 14 Class, for example, hull and rig modifications are allowed. The same applies to several subdivisions of the Moth Class, so that in these cases imagination in design becomes a factor in the final result. And even within the cast-iron rigidity of the one-design classes, there are a few variables. A skipper with a little more money and a little more time to spend around his boat can buy two or three sets of expensive, long-lasting orlon or dacron sails

—one for light air, one for medium winds and one for heavy weather, whereas the less fortunate may have to stick with old-fashioned cotton or the less old-fashioned nylon. There is the difference, too, over an eight-mile course, of anywhere from one to a hundred boat-lengths in the way a skipper finishes the bottom of his boat, and the difference of perhaps a length or two around the buoy in the effectiveness of the latest gadget to help pull the sheets in quickly and tightly.

However, every one of these advantages can be immediately canceled by a shift in the wind, or an ill-conceived thrust on the tiller, so that in the final analysis the elusive quality known as the feel of a boat is the most important thing. Yachtsmen never tire of illustrating this point with

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LIGHTNING, with 6,135 in class, is most popular sailboat in U.S. She is 19 feet long, ideal for racing, loading; costs \$1,680.

HOW SAMMY RESHEVSKY CONQUERED MOSCOW

Russia's Grandmasters of chess beat the U.S. 25-7, but the U.S. champion upset the great Botvinnik—Here SF's David Mayer, who accompanied the Americans to Moscow, tells the story

THE NIGHT before the Russian-American chess match opened in Moscow, the manager of the American team was called upon to make a speech. The manager is a lanky New York advertising man named Rosser Reeves, who looks and acts like a typical American, wears what the Russians consider typical American gear—horn-rimmed glasses—and, like most Americans, does not know much about chess.

So his speech opened amid profound apathy in a country where chess is almost the national game, where as many as 150,000 players have entered a single tournament and where the man in the street knows a good chess move from a bad one in the way Americans know batting averages. In vain Mr. Reeves praised the Moscow subway. Nobody smiled when he described Russian hospitality in unblushing advertising prose. But then by a happy inspiration Mr. Reeves mentioned America's team chess titles of the early 1930s, adding that there was only one thing wrong with them—"The Russians did not play in those matches." (Appreciative laughter.) Warming up, Reeves expressed hope for an American world champion in the future, saying there was only one obstacle—"and the name of that obstacle is Mikhail Botvinnik."

Now here was something his Russian audience understood, the pre-eminence of the great Botvinnik, champion of the world. So Reeves had the crowd with him when he came to a fervent

conclusion: "I would like to utter a prayer that Russians and Americans for the next 10,000 years meet in combat no greater than chess." Thereupon, the NKVD band broke into *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and there followed what *Pravda* usually calls "stormy sustained applause rising to an ovation."

FLASHES OF CEREBRAL LIGHTNING

And when the games started there was no letdown in the Russian enthusiasm. The Hall of Columns on Pushkin Street, where the purge trials were held, and where Stalin lay in state, was packed. On a curtain at one end huge boards duplicated the moves made by the players on the eight boards on the platform. The curious tension that marks the beginning of a major chess contest was intensified at Moscow by television and radio coverage and newsreel cameras—something that American players, familiar with galleries of three or four (or none) in obscure chess clubs, were not accustomed to. Chess games are silent. Two clocks stand beside each chessboard. A player makes his move, and presses a lever which stops the clock on his side of the board and starts his opponent's clock—the time limit is a minimum of 40 moves in two and a half hours of play. There are critical periods in big games when nothing can be heard except the ticking of the clocks.

On the first board Samuel Reshevsky and Mikhail Botvinnik sat silent

and poised amid flashes of cerebral lightning. Reshevsky is slight, bald, 43 years old, an ice-cold veteran who has been playing chess since he was a 4-year-old infant prodigy. Botvinnik is 44, an electrical engineer. He won the world championship in a tournament held in Russia to determine the successor to Alexander Alekhine. Alekhine, of Russian origin, became a Nazi supporter, and was found dead under mysterious circumstances in Lisbon. Botvinnik defeated Reshevsky in 1948, and obviously did not expect too much trouble this time.

Forty minutes after the first match started, Botvinnik was pondering on the chessboard before him one of the most perplexing chess situations in modern tournament play. Reshevsky had presented him with a genuine puzzle, perhaps a new contribution to chess literature, something that chess players are certain to be discussing for a long time. It electrified the Russian audience. After 15 moves Botvinnik was in difficulty. In another 13 moves he had virtually equalized the game. Then he faltered again and resigned after 41 moves.

Reshevsky suddenly found himself a great man in the Soviet Union. Autograph seekers besieged him. Premier Bulganin and Khrushchev posed with

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VICTORIOUS RESHEVSKY (center) gets laying out of hands from Bulganin and Khrushchev at July Fourth embassy party.





AMERICAN'S RESHEVSKY AND RUSSIA'S BOTVINNIK FIXEPLY STUDY BOARD IN GAME AMERICAN WON IN 11 MOVES. THREE OTHER GAMES BETWEEN

MOSCOW CHESS

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him. Said Khrushchev with ponderous pleasantry, surveying Reshevsky's five feet of height: "Such a little man, but so big in chess!"

The subsequent political and social enthusiasm well-nigh concealed the fact that there was a major chess tournament still in progress. When the American chess team showed up at the American Embassy's Fourth of July garden party it was mobbed. Present also were Bulganin and Khrushchev, Malenkov, Mikoyan, Marshal Zhukov, Gromyko, a scattering of Russian admirals, the heads of most ministries, and some 50 officials a shade less prominent, plus 400 members of the Moscow diplomatic set. And in the center was the American chess team, blinking in the limelight.

Premier Bulganin said, somewhat apologetically: "We [of the Kremlin] don't really follow chess," but said he was really in favor of all kinds of sport and cultural interchanges.

Larry Evans of the American team asked, "Will there be yearly chess matches now?"

Khrushchev replied, "Both our countries have curtains. Remove your dollar curtain and we will come."

Someone asked Khrushchev if the presence of so many officials indicated a new Russian policy. "No," he said, "We will come again tomorrow if it will help international relations." This sort of thing went on for two hours, while the flabbergasted Moscow international set stared. At one point Khrushchev said, "Maybe I talk too much but we all agree on what we say, don't we?" Kaganovich nodded. Bulganin nodded also.

The victorious Russian team seemed entirely forgotten. The American team, as a team, went down to crushing defeat by a score of 25 to 7. Of 82 games (four rounds of eight games each) the Americans won two and drew 10. The Russian margin of victory was even greater than in last year's matches in New York, when the score was 20-12. The result was not unexpected, since Russia

has close to 2,000,000 chess players good enough to be rated by their tournament records (compared with about 5,000 in the United States).

THE PRESSURE OF THE CLOCK

Evans drew three games with David Bronstein and lost one, Arthur Bisguier lost all four to Smyslov, the number two Russian. Donald Byrne won one and lost three to Efim Geller, champion of the Soviet Union, and his brother Robert dropped three and drew one with the great Paul Keres, an Estonian, one of the all-time world masters, who ranks only fifth on the Russian team. Max Pavay, Israel Horowitz and the American alternates, Herman Steiner and Alexander Kevitz, lost all their games. One surprise was the showing of Isaac Kashdan, former American champion, who came out of virtual retirement to play, lost one game and drew three with Talmanov.

An outstanding Western authority on chess, Dr. Max Euwe, former world champion, believes that Russian chess supremacy has passed its peak. He



THE TWO GRANDMASTERS ENDED DRAWS

referred the Moscow match and, if he has changed his view, did not say so in discussing the games. He said the Americans played well. Their principal trouble was with time. Most American games were lost because of time pressure. American players know the game, Euwe said, but they do not have the knowledge at their fingertips, and so deliberate while the clock ticks inexorably on. For that there is no solution except constant play and tournament experience which means widespread popular support.

What was surprising about the Russian-American match was the popular enthusiasm for the American players, and Reshevsky's staggering victory over Botvinnik. Chess is like no other sport because playing the game over is as important as the game itself. The games of chess masters that have been preserved go back to around 1560, with a few games dating from before the year 1000. This is a mixed blessing. If anyone plays a superlative game in a big tournament, it becomes immortal. But, on the other hand, if anybody

falls flat on his face, there is his historic boner, forever enshrined in the records.

The game that Reshevsky won from Botvinnik belongs in this category of permanent or semipermanent additions to the sport. Did Botvinnik play badly, or did Reshevsky really come up with something new? Reshevsky himself had no doubt about it. "I played a brilliant game," he said, "even if I say so myself—and I never say anything like that."

Briefly, what happened is that Reshevsky introduced a novel variation in a game with the forbidding title of the Meran Variation of the Queen's Gambit Declined. That is less alarming than it sounds. Gambit merely means the sacrifice of a piece to secure a long-range advantage. The Meran Variation is considered a rather risky line of play. On his 13th move Botvinnik departed from the orthodox version. Reshevsky replied with unexpected boldness, taking the initiative, which he never completely lost.

After the match Botvinnik said, "Reshevsky has become a different player since 1948." At first glance Reshevsky's game looks like one of the

most brilliant in recent years, one of the bare handful of modern chess games to deserve a place with the classics. But chess players are already arguing about it. After the game Botvinnik said he went wrong on his 28th, 31st and 33rd moves. Playing over the game, it is plain that Botvinnik considers he lost by lining up his rooks in an ill-timed offensive, leaving his king in a weak position. Moscow chess circles, however, reported Botvinnik went wrong on his 13th move, when he departed from the standard Meran.

To some amateur kibitzers it seemed an example of one of Botvinnik's bad nights rather than of Reshevsky's brilliance. But Botvinnik had had to make up his mind on moves that chess players are still debating—and perhaps will long debate—in a few minutes before the packed hall, with millions of chess players watching to see what he would do. He guessed wrong, and though he is still world champion, it's Sammy Reshevsky who is, just now, one of the heroes of Moscow.

END

FOR OTHER MCCOMBE SHOTS
OF RUSSIA TURN THE PAGE

WHERE BOTVINNIK (BLACK) RESIGNED GAME

MOVE BY MOVE			
RESHEVSKY (WHITE)		BOTVINNIK (BLACK)	
White	Black		
1. P-Q4	P-K4		
2. P-Q41	P-Q4		
3. Q-K1	P-Q41		
1. P-K3	K-R5		
6. K-Q3	Q-K1		
6. B-Q1	P-P		
7. B-R7	P-Q-K1		
8. B-Q3	P-Q-R3		
9. P-K1	P-B4		
10. P-K3	P-P		
11. Q-K1	P-P		
12. K-K1	P-K1		
13. Q-R1	Q-R3		
14. K-R2	R-Q3		
15. Q-R6	K-R2		
16. B-Q2	P-K1		
17. Q-B3	K-Q		
18. K-B3	K-Q2		
19. K-Q	R-K1		
20. K-Q	R-K1		
21. B-B	R-B		
22. B-B4	K-Q1		
23. R-QP	R-QK1		
24. K-Q3	P-R1		
25. K-B1	P-R4		
26. P-QR4	R-B3		
27. K-Q3	R-B7		
28. B-QK1	R-Q-R8		
29. B-B3	R-B1-B3		
30. K-R2	R-Q2		
31. K-K	K-B2		
32. R-B3	K-B		
33. B-B3	P-B3		
34. B-QR	K-R3		
35. B-B3	K-B2		
36. B-P	K-R4		
37. B-K3	K-R1		
38. B-Q4	P-K1		
39. K-Q	R-B1		
40. B-R3	K-B3		
41. R-K1	Resigned		

Where novice chess players—faced with a board like the one below—might exhaust another couple of dozen moves before a decision, Grandmasters can foresee inevitabilities far in advance. Here the two forces might appear roughly even. Each player has lost his queen. Each retains one rook. But Reshevsky (white) has a bishop and five pawns remaining, while Botvinnik has a knight and four pawns. Moreover, the white pawn on the far left file is in an excellent position to march ahead to become a queen. Botvinnik studied his situation, resigned the game.



THE SOVIET PEOPLE'S URGE TO PLAY MADE A GREAT IMPRESSION ON MAYER AND McCOMBE. SOME OF THE SETTINGS MAY HAVE OLD-FASHIONED LOOK BUT THERE IS NOTHING BACKWARD IN THE THIRST FOR SPORTS AND RECREATION



Dominoes and babysitting in a backyard. This is a very popular Sunday occupation

An officer trudges across Moscow street with child's bicycle purchased at government store



Stirring volleyball game occurs in apartment courtyard. Volleyball is a highly popular sport, with millions of men and women playing on teams



Young boys carry footballs while one of them guides his blind grandfather on sidewalk. Soccer is the most popular of all Soviet sports



Curious citizens of Leningrad gather around a sailboat which uses full-length wooden battens to control shape of its sail





Home-made ketch skims along Moscow-Volga Canal with crude gaff-rigged mizzen, Marconi mainsail



Leningrad girls, wearing contrasting costumes for holiday boating, man Snipelike craft

Glass boats on Canal resemble an odd mixture of U.S.'s Hampton and Wood Pussycat types

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Two sculls race in choppy waters of Moscow-Volga Canal. Despite recent Henley defeat Russians are among world's leading scullmen

Soviet women clad in surprisingly up-to-date bathing suits wave gaily to an excursion boat before a swim in Moscow-Volga Canal





Wearing a cap, a young man heaves at the oars while spending a few idle hours with his best girl in a rowboat at a park near Moscow

Old tire tube serves as a float for youth enjoying cool swim in waters of heavily traveled canal



'A CHAMPION LIVES IN MY HOUSE'

by HAMILTON H. MANN

The father of the nation's top woman swimmer, Shelley Mann, describes the 12-year campaign that transformed a limping child into a confident star

NONE OF MY well-wishing friends has asked me, "Was it worth all the trouble?" But whenever one of them does, I will have the answer. I will just look him in the eye and say, "A champion lives in my house."

Trouble—some people might call it that, but I never will. My daughter Shelley is a great champion now, and only 12 years ago she was a shy, pathetic little girl who could scarcely walk. It has taken a lot of work and sacrifice and I have washed a lot of dishes, but I'd never call it trouble.

Shelley's story begins in 1943 when she was six years old. I was a lieutenant in the Navy then, studying radar at MIT in Cambridge, Mass. It was a dark year for me, as it was for most folks. My mother was seriously ill, dying, at home in Virginia. The war seemed to stretch out endlessly, and I knew that soon I would have to leave our little family—Shelley was then our

only child—and go overseas. In the midst of all our problems, little Shelley was stricken with polio.

She was in the hospital for weeks with her right leg paralyzed, and our hearts were torn apart as we watched her suffer. When she was finally released we did not know whether she would ever walk again. What my wife and I thought, and what we went through, no one who has not had a similar experience can ever realize.

After several months of systematic treatment and exercise Shelley did walk—but with a limp that brought tears to our eyes.

I could do very little to help her—the years 1944 and 1945 allowed me little time for my family. I was transferred to Washington and then I was sent to the Pacific for seven months. When the war finally ended I returned, was released and took a civilian job with the Navy. In the meantime my

wife had done a heroic job with Shelley. While I was gone she had worked patiently with the leg, month after month, and by the time I came home Shelley was riding a bicycle. The limp, however, was still there.

We settled down to live in Washington. In 1947, when Shelley was almost 10 and our second daughter, Emily, just a baby, we bought a summer cottage in nearby Sherwood Forest. In the summer Sherwood Forest teems with children who compete with each other in sports like tennis, golf, horseback riding and swimming. I thought Shelley would compete with the others for the trophies that are awarded at the end of the season and that the exercise would strengthen her leg. But it didn't work out that way.

After Shelley had spent one summer at Sherwood Forest and we were starting our second, she came to me one day and said, "Daddy, I just don't



SHELLEY'S BEST STROKE, the butterfly, carries her to victory in qualifying round for Pan-American Games at Mexico

City last March. Previously she had set national records at the 1954 Mexican Games in the butterfly, backstroke and freestyle.

seem to be any good at anything. All the other kids play golf or tennis or ride horseback or swim, but I'm just no good."

I had previously noticed a tendency in Shelley to be bashful and shy. To me, it indicated the beginning of a serious inferiority complex and I was worried. Over and over I asked myself how I could help her get rid of it. I examined my own complexes, remembering the sinking feeling in my stomach on the few occasions when I had been asked to speak in public. I remembered the times I had neglected to apply for a better engineering job because I felt I was not competent—only to find that some less qualified engineer later got the job and succeeded in it. I felt that I had suffered from feelings of inferiority, and now I saw the same insidious thing taking root in Shelley. I knew something had to be done about it.

The answer seemed obvious. In some way, in some field, she must be made to be good enough to have confidence in herself. I began to watch her closely, looking for something in which she had some natural aptitude.

Some time later, as I was walking along the beach while Shelley was swimming, I suddenly noticed how easily and effortlessly she glided through the water. I called to her. "You look nice in the water, Shelley," I said. "Why don't you enter the Saturday morning swimming races?"

"Oh, Daddy," she said, "I'd only come in last."

I bit my lip for a moment and then I said, "Well, those kids only swim in the summer. When we go back to Washington I'll get you a coach and a place to swim. If you swim all winter, you'll be pretty good by next summer. Then you can enter the races and you might even win some of them."

All winter long Shelley was taken once or twice a week to the Ambassador Hotel pool to practice swimming. In early spring I heard about the pool at Walter Reed Hospital and I asked the coach if he would train Shelley. He said he would.

Walter Reed Hospital is only a 20-mile round trip from our house. We made many, many journeys out there between April and July, and then we moved back to Sherwood Forest.

For several years the 25-yard freestyle race at Sherwood had been dominated by one girl who won it so

continued on next page



FATHER AND DAUGHTER relax after a workout at Walter Reed pool in Washington, D.C., where Shelley trains daily.

consistently that people were accustomed to concede her first place without bothering to watch. But this time, when the waves subsided, it turned out to be Shelley who had won first place. She also took second in the backstroke and third in the breaststroke. That night at home I could just see the look of confidence pouring into her face, the feeling of superiority driving out the doubt and bashfulness. "Well, Shelley," I said, "now that you know you can do it, why don't you go after the Sherwood season trophy?"

She did. There was a highly competitive struggle every Saturday morning for two months, and at the end of the season it was Shelley who had won the most points and who had taken the trophy home. Today it has an honored place among the larger ones she has won since—and more easily.

Driving back to Washington that fall, I turned to Shelley and said, "Well, little girl, it looks like we have accomplished what we set out to do. Perhaps we had better tackle something else—like golf or tennis now."

Her reply startled me so much that I almost lost control of the car. "Oh, no, Daddy," she said. "No, I want to be a champion." I wondered what kind of a tiger I had by the tail now and realized that I had been caught in my own trap. So I simply said, "Shelley, if you want to be a champion, your mother and I will do everything in our power to help you." Little did I know what this statement would mean to all our future lives.

Shelley returned to school. She no longer limped. Now she wanted to become a cheerleader, join a choral group, take up modeling and run for every office in the student government. No more feelings of inferiority here. She became a real leader among the children and we soon found that there were just not enough hours in the day to do everything she wanted to do.

The first thing I had to do was buy a second automobile so that each day her mother could get her out of school, rush her to Walter Reed, sit there while Shelley swam and rush her home again in time for supper. The rush was because Shelley had to go to choir practice after supper, then come home and do her homework and still go to bed in time to get the 10 hours' sleep her swimming coach demanded.

It was a three-ring circus. I had to rush home from the office, prepare supper according to the instructions left



TRANQUIL EVENING at Washington, D.C. home, rare in the life of the Mann family, shows Emily, 8 left, mother Isabel right, author and Shelley in background.

by my wife and get it ready by the time they returned from the pool. After supper I washed the dishes. Gone were all my private projects, my workshop sat idle, and the things we had planned in the way of home improvements just didn't get done.

Shelley's improvement in swimming continued. That winter she won the 100-yard freestyle race for the junior championship of the District of Columbia. We were quite proud of this.

The next summer we returned to Sherwood Forest, over Shelley's protest. Although she could swim at Sherwood, the facilities weren't the best—she needed her pool and her coach. She settled down when we agreed to drive her back to Washington three days a week (a 70-mile round trip) to train at Walter Reed. Again that summer she won the Sherwood trophy, although this time it was almost too easy. The competition no longer seemed adequate to keep her interested.

DIET AND TRAINING

The author prepared the family evening meals for years while daughter perfected swimming strokes. Now Shelley follows a top athlete's rigid diet of lean meats, green vegetables, few starches and light desserts. On contest days she eats small portions of steak, rice and greens, with quantities of heavily sugared tea. Shelley is starved after a race and "gets loaded" with big sundaes and stuff. "She sleeps eight to 10 hours each night and trains by 'just swimming all the time.'"

Between my commuting from Sherwood to Washington every day, and the three weekly trips for Shelley, the driving problem that summer was terrific. We decided to forget about Sherwood for a while, even though it is a lovely place and we had quite an investment there. We decided that we would stay in Washington and swimmer through the heat and just rent our cottage until we got this swimming thing out of our hair. We haven't been back since, except for occasional weekends. We have no regrets though.

My friends, however, must have thought I was crazy. Many would ask me, "What is she getting out of all this swimming?" To be frank, I couldn't answer the question at the time, although I can now. I just knew Shelley was working to succeed at something and I had made her a promise.

During the winter of 1951-52 the youngster won several junior championships and one senior one in the District of Columbia. Her coach decided she should go to the national contests at Daytona Beach.

I invested several hundred dollars and a week's time off. Away we went with great expectations. Shelley made the finals in two events, but scored no points. "Oh, well," we thought, "after all, this is a little too much to expect of a 14-year-old kid. But she's still improving."

In July 1952 we set out with high hopes for Indianapolis, where the Olympic trials were held. But she still wasn't quite ready—on this occasion

Shelley didn't even make the finals.

Home we went—more training, more trips to Walter Reed, more dishes for me to wash. Shelley did well in the national championships in April which were again held in Daytona Beach, but got no individual first places. She did, however, swim with Mary Freeman and Gail Peters on the medley relay team which went far toward winning the championship for Walter Reed, and showed that she was on the verge of becoming a great swimmer. So again we returned to Washington for another sweltering summer in town, more training and more work in preparation for the National Outdoor Meet in Portland, Oregon in August 1953.

It was worth it. This time Shelley won a third-place medal in the individual medley race, which she presented to me with great pride. It was only a bronze one, but still—third place in national competition, and Shelley was, after all, only 15 years old! We went home and redoubled our efforts, spending another long winter of work, struggle and inconvenience in preparation for the Nationals which were again held

at Daytona Beach in April of last year.

Every reader of the sports pages knows what Shelley did in those races—on the first day she won the grueling 400-yard medley by a wide margin and set a new American record; on the second day she set another American record in the 100-yard backstroke; and on the third she took the 100-yard butterfly event to set still another record.

AMATEUR STANDING

The fee for this article has been paid to the Washington, D.C. AAU by the author, Hamilton Mann, to preserve his daughter's amateur standing.

In the relays Shelley helped Walter Reed to a world-record performance in the freestyle and to a runaway victory in the medley to establish another record. A performance in three separate strokes unprecedented in national competition!

In Indianapolis last August the story was much the same. Shelley led the point-scoring with two first places and two seconds, set new American records

in the backstroke and butterfly, and once more helped the medley relay team to victory. Our work, Shelley's work and Coach Stanley Tinkham's excellent training had really paid off.

As a result of this magnificent showing the AAU sent Shelley to the Mexican National meet in Mexico City in September. There she astonished our friends south of the border. She set new Mexican, Pan-American and Central-American records in the backstroke, butterfly and freestyle events. The Mexican press commented: "Most extraordinary swimmer to ever visit Mexico."

Last fall Shelley read in the paper that a girl in Turin, Italy had set a world record in the 100-meter butterfly. She permitted the record to stand for just five days, then set her jaw, went to a meet in Richmond and smashed that record. By the end of the year Shelley had set three Mexican records, three Central-American records, 10 American records and one world record. She was selected by the Los Angeles Times as "the most outstanding feminine aquatic performer of 1954"; nominated for the Sullivan Award by the AAU; selected for the All-America swimming team; invited to New Zealand for a month of exhibitions, and automatically chosen to represent the U.S. at the Pan-American Games which were held in Mexico City in March 1955.

The effect of the long New Zealand trip, coupled with the high altitude and a touch of dysentery, no doubt had its effect on Shelley in the Pan-American Games. She set a record in the 100-meter freestyle trials but only took third place in the butterfly. However, she came back strong in the National Indoor Meet in Daytona Beach three weeks later, taking first in the 100-yard freestyle, winning the 400-yard medley by half the pool length and setting a new American record for the 250-yard freestyle. She again led her relay teams to victory and to a world record in the medley relay. Quite a performance for a little girl who had once had polio and had suffered from an inferiority complex!

To me, Shelley has won far more than this. Now she has real confidence and poise, accepts public speaking engagements before civic groups and assumes leadership in everything. You can be sure that we no longer worry about such things as complexes. We feel that we have a fine, all-round American girl now. And so when I say, "A champion lives in my house," I am really saying much more than that. (END)



A BIG, STRONG GIRL 5 feet 7 inches, 130 pounds, Shelley today is a far cry from the frail child of 12 years ago. Here she takes towel from father at Walter Reed poolside.

ACROSS AMERICA WITH THE POWDER PUFFS

Flying in his speedy Tri-Pacer, SI's Sunday pilot sets out to cover the Ninth Annual All Woman Transcontinental Air Race. He got his story, but he couldn't keep up with the full-throttle, thunder-and-lightning girls

by **BILL MAULDIN**

THE Los Angeles area undoubtedly has the worst flying weather in the United States, a fact that qualifies it to be the starting point of the Annual All Woman Transcontinental Air Race, sometimes known as the Powder Puff Derby. It is sponsored by the "99's," the international lady-pilot organization founded by Amelia Earhart. This year's edition of the race—the ninth, by the way—was from Long Beach, Calif. to Springfield, Mass. I started out with the girls on July 3, under my own power, and finished with them on July 6, not under my own power. It was a rough go.

Starting time in the morning of the first day found the usual greasy, smoggy overcast backed up all the way to the San Jacinto mountains. The weatherman predicted a break around noon. The entire race had to be flown VFR, or Visual Flight Rules, which means visibility had to be at least three miles, ceiling no lower than 1,000 ft. above terrain and no flying before official sunrise or later than one half hour after official sunset.

Out of an original 56 entries, 51 planes clustered at the end of the starting runway on Long Beach Municipal Airport. Cessnas predominated, 27 of them, including a big, radial-engine 195, 12 four-place 180s and 170s and 14 perky, two-place 140s. There were four Beechcraft Bonanzas, three Stinsons, one Navion, one Swift, three

Luscombes, three Bellanca's and nine Pipers, mostly Pacers and Tri-Pacers. The single Super Cub among the Pipers carried in its back seat the only other male besides me allowed on the race—a lifesize dummy of Popeye the Sailor. The pilot was Marian Burke, of San Antonio, sponsored by Crystal City, Tex., which wishes to be known for its spinach, judging from placards and brochures burdening the otherwise attractive Miss Burke and her ship.

Most entries were sponsored. Few of the girls were rich enough to race on their own—first prize was \$800, less than the average pilot's fuel, oil and living expenses, since many had come out from the East to enter. This reporter was flying a Piper Tri-Pacer and was sponsored by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, which did not require me to paint signs on my plane or sell subscriptions on the way.

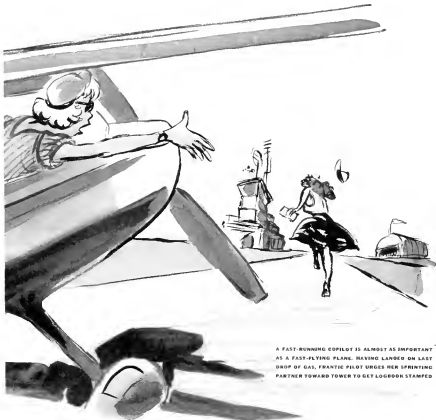
GLITTERING AND CUTE

Everything short of illegal modifications had been done to make the planes fly faster (they must be stock machines and are carefully inspected by CAA officials before and after the race) and they all glittered with wax. The contestants glittered, too, despite their tenseness at the weather delay. Helmets and coveralls are as passé for women pilots as goggles and dusters for female drivers. The Powder Puff Derby discourages sloppy dress, including

slacks, and the gals looked almost too cute to check their own oil.

The variety of age, experience and occupation was really startling. There were grandmothers, housewives, school-girls and lady crop-dusters. Frances Bera of Los Angeles, mother of two children, had 6,000 hours' experience and a commercial license with Instrument and Flight Instructor ratings. Ruby Potter of San Diego, a housewife with three kids, had only 225 hours. A 16-year-old named Carol Hauk had 20 hours, barely enough to have soloed. Carol was flying copilot for her mother, who had 900 hours with Commercial and Instructor's ratings. Some were ex-WASPs who piloted





A FAST-RUNNING COPILOT IS ALMOST AS IMPORTANT AS A FAST-FLYING PLANE. HAVING LANDED ON LAST DROP OF GAS, FRANTIC PILOT URGES HER SPRINTING PARTNER TOWARD TOWER TO GET LOGBOOK STAMPED

during the war; some had only recently taken up flying just to get off the dangerous highways. Ninety-five women in all, seven going solo and 44 pilot-copilot teams.

It might seem odd that all this can add up to a race, with such a variety of capability among pilots and speed among planes. For instance, the Bonanza's par speed is 167 mph, while the little Luscombe 8-A grinds along at 96 mph. The plane which averages the highest ground speed for the 2,800-mile course in relation to its par speed wins. There is no neck-and-neck stuff with a checkered flag at the end; in past races some of the lowest scores have crossed the finish line two days

ahead of the winners. As to the pilots, of course experience pays off; but on a long trip like this, one with 300 hours who has diligently applied herself to precision navigation can beat the socks off a 3,000-hour pro whose specialty is aerobatics.

We were off at 2 o'clock, planes being flagged off as fast as the girls could get their racing logs stamped at the official time clock. For a few minutes the sky was alive with brightly colored little planes and it really looked like a conventional race. But it spread fast. Some jolted through the desert right down on the deck with their teeth rattling, not wanting to waste time climbing, since Weather's "winds aloft"

report had said the prevailing westerlies would not increase with altitude as they usually do. While the contestants had differing techniques on many things, they were agreed on one: each lady I talked to intended to shove the throttle all the way to the firewall and keep it there.

A number of contestants in ships which could have made El Paso non-stop put down in Phoenix, where there's a motel with a pool right on the field. Being leisurely this way didn't cost them a thing, so long as they did their lollygagging at legitimate stops. It is important to explain here that only flying time counts in the Powder

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CAMPING OUT, the Carl Sheas of Syracuse, N.Y., relishes alfresco meal at a Forked Lake site. The table with benches and the stone fireplace beyond are standard equipment at most dwelling spots.

WILDERNESS CAMPSITE

by **GEORGE TICHENOR**

Secluded Forked Lake in New York's Adirondack Mountains offers rugged camping facilities amid unspoiled forests, yet is safe and accessible for summer family living

SOME PEOPLE are going to hate me for telling about the Forked Lake Campsite in New York's Adirondacks. It's not even mentioned in the state's *Vacationlands* booklet but there it is, tucked away between the more famous (and more populated) Long and Raquette lakes near busy Route 10. It is a spot of almost idyllic seclusion, the lake full of bays and little islands. For years Forked Lake has been the hideaway of knowing smallmouth bass fishermen, and their families come to refresh themselves and steal a whale of a catch. Right now it is at its loveliest.

We stumbled upon the place by accident last year. Just below Deerland on Route 10 there's a sharp bend in the road, and just beyond this and heading west is a hard-top road running through typical Adirondack forest. Three miles in, an unobtrusive sign indicates the beginning of the state campsite. A sandy road wanders off into it for two miles. Bluejays squall or swallows twitter, depending on the hour, and you're liable to flush a ruffed grouse on almost any turn. Then the close-packed forest suddenly opens up to reveal the lake. At sundown the wall of trees on the far shore appears to blaze in the fiery light flaring over the sky.

Near at hand is a large parking lot with scattered cars from many states. Beyond is the caretaker's cabin and the dock. There is an unfounded impression among many that you have to own a boat to occupy one of these state-park campsites. The fact is that boats can be rented there for only \$2 a day or \$12 a week, and a campsite costs only 50¢ a night. Several of the choicest sites are just across the dam where the lake empties into Raquette River (some trout fishing here!). You can pull your car right up to the footbridge and tote your gear across the 200 yards or so to the camp grounds. Site No. 2 is a real beauty, with a deer-grazing meadow at your back, woods to the right and just below the bluff in front, the lake and flashing water pouring over the dam. Seventy-seven sites have stone fireplaces, tables with benches and access to primitive but clean outhouses.

You'll never be able to sleep late; there's too much to do. Over pancakes and delicious scalding coffee the days are quickly planned. Kids have met kids and already slipped the leash. Toddlers in life preservers are a familiar sight. They have the best luck feeding the chipmunks that live among the tall pines. There will be wives around, which is a good thing when a man wants to slip away for a morning's fishing. You may want to wander down to Buttermilk Falls on the Raquette where a skillful trout

fisherman can sometimes take rainbows up to nearly 20 inches long, and the less skilled can dunk worms and take home a string of sunfish and an occasional bass.

There are plenty of characters in these parts to spin tales for city dudes. Albert Duane, the caretaker who looks like the proprietor of an old-fashioned country store, told us of a 500-pound black bear that was "got" the previous winter. The result was that when our breadbox was knocked off the picnic table and the bread pilfered the next night, there was all sorts of speculation. The following night the box was placed by the tent and I had a tug-of-war with *Something* that wanted it. I didn't hold on too hard. We solved the riddle of the culprit the next night: caught in the glare as I took a flash picture was a family of raccoons.

I tried to photograph some beavers one day, but they submerged when I put-putted up in the boat of an acquaintance who had rented a private island for one dollar a day with another family. This complete Cruise setup had caves, shelters, hideaways—everything a kid could want, including good swimming.

Among the off-trail things to enjoy are a float-plane ride with Herbert Helms (DFC for 32 missions over Germany), who charges \$2.50 a passenger out of nearby Long Lake; a trip to the Barton Mines, where garnets as big as your head stare out of the cliffs; a visit with Perry Ehlers, locally famous fly-tier who has had a path beaten to his cabin at North River; or golf on a high plateau. Anglers with a yen to hike can walk the three and a half to four miles into Sargents Ponds to the south of the dam for brook-trout fishing. Canoeists may be interested to learn that Forked is on the 100-mile canoe route from Old Forge to Saranac, and is a favored stopover place.

But to me, Forked Lake's greatest charm lies in its wilderness look. It is an area of great old trees and cool vistas. As a yardstick of its seclusion, it is one of several campsites that New York keeps open through the deer season, when hunters use it. Bright campfires glow in the forest after sundown and there is banjo music for the melody of a ballad. Here is the simple life, in the wildwood but with help at hand if needed. There is no noise of traffic; no television. The ground is springy to the step, the air laced with the fragrance of spruce. Camp life quickly becomes orderly and easy, with kids willingly performing chores they'd shun at home. Hurry back to work? Not on your life!

MORE ABOUT CAMPING ON NEXT PAGE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HALMI

CAMPING TIPS FROM TED TRUEBLOOD

FINDING A PLACE to camp presents no particular problem in the West, with its national forests, parks and public domain. In the East, get off the paved roads and look for a faint trail leading to a wood lot or a grove of trees beside a stream. Ask at the nearest farmhouse if you may camp there and if the landowner asks for it, give him a few dollars for the privilege. Your seclusion and the absence of dust and exhaust fumes will be worth it.

Pitch your tent on high, dry ground—not on a hilltop, but on a gentle slope or small rise. If you choose a low spot a thunderstorm may inundate your camp, and nothing is more unpleasant than to discover in the dead of night that your tent floor is covered with water. Placing your tent where it will have good drainage is much more effective than laboriously digging a ditch around it.

The ideal summer camp should get a little early-morning sun but be shaded during the remainder of the day. A spot surrounded by big trees with high branches, near the northeast corner of a grove is the best possible one. Try to find a location that is free from brush, which shuts off the breeze and harbors insects.

Regardless of the type of tent you prefer—and the umbrella is the hands-down favorite for summer camping—



it should have a sewed-in floor and a screened door and window. Then you can give the interior a squit with a DDT bomb shortly before you go to bed and sleep in absolute freedom from all creeping, crawling, flying, biting, stinging things.

For daytime protection from such insects as mosquitoes, punkies and black flies, carry one of the modern repellents such as 6-12. This is especially

important if there are small children in your party. Mosquitoes can make them miserable.

The only real danger is one which you can't see. Never drink water, no matter how sparkling clear it may be, without boiling it for 20 minutes or treating it with Halazone or similar tablets. The only exception is in the remote mountains where the source could not possibly be contaminated. The wise camper carries his drinking water and boils more as it is needed.

Cooking is a more pleasant task during warm weather if it is performed



over a gas or gasoline camp stove. An open fire on a hot day seems to heat the cook more than the food. A stove eliminates the necessity of rustling for wood too, and that is difficult in some places.

A sleeping bag and air mattress make the lightest and most compact camp bed, and a very comfortable combination too. Don't use a heavy, down-filled bag for summer camping. It would be too hot. Select a summer-weight bag instead and supplement it with a wool blanket at high altitudes if necessary.

During damp or humid weather, sleeping bags should be opened out and sunned whenever possible. Even when the weather is clear and dry, beds will remain fresher, fluffier and warmer if they are spread out in the sun for an hour or two every few days.

The best clothes for camping are durable, comfortable and cool. Jeans are ideal. High leather boots are hot and heavy, but light hiking shoes with six-inch tops are good. In the mountains each person should have a warm jacket, since the temperature drops rapidly after sunset.

Folding campstools are inexpensive

and add greatly to comfort around camp. The most convenient table is one that folds like a suitcase and encloses the attached seats. It is easy to transport and hinges open in an instant with seats for four in place.

For cooking, a nesting aluminum outfit is compact to carry and convenient to use, but throw away the aluminum cups that come with it and replace them with the enameled type, preferably with open handles so that they will nest compactly. An aluminum cup will burn your lips even after the coffee in it is too cool to drink. Supplement the cooking kit with a heavy aluminum griddle for steaks and pancakes.

A hatchet is ideal for making and driving tent stakes and for smashing your thumb. If you expect to provide ample wood for an evening fire, however, you need a man-sized ax. You'll find that an adequate shovel has a dozen uses around camp too. You'll need it for everything from burying garbage to throwing dirt over the coals of last night's fire before you move on.

A portable ice chest will enable you to have fresh meat, firm butter, sweet milk and crisp vegetables in camp. A good chest, made with one of the modern insulating materials, will keep ice for four or five days in hot weather.

Don't risk stomach upsets by attempting to subsist on a greasy, frying-pan diet in camp. You can cook anything on a gasoline camp stove that can be cooked on your gas or electric



stove at home. Salads are easy to prepare and many kinds of fresh fruit, which are available almost everywhere in rural areas during the summer, will keep for several days without refrigeration (but store in a cool place).

If there are small children in your family camping group, it will pay to make provision in advance for their entertainment. One effective means is to take along a few cans of popcorn. They can pop it in a covered skillet over the camp stove and it will keep them busy for hours.

Another good entertainment item for the youngsters is marshmallows. They'll toast them around the campfire in the evening and get a big kick out of it.

Washing dishes used to be one of the worst camp chores, but not any more.



We put a big kettle of water on the stove as we sit down to eat; by the time we're through, it is boiling. Then we wash the dishes with a liquid detergent—it gets them clean quickly and easily even in cold water—rinse them with the scalding water from the stove and the job is done.

Camp chores are fun—if everybody does his share. In our camps the cook does nothing else. That's enough for one person. One of the others washes the dishes. Another brings wood and water. The fourth makes the beds, sweeps out the tent and disposes of the garbage. Thus, everybody is through work in a little while and has more time in which to enjoy himself.

A big stew makes a wonderful camp dinner. Put two-inch cubes of meat in cold, salted water early in the afternoon. After it has come to a boil, add cabbage, carrots, quartered dry onions and a few stalks of celery. Then adjust the heat so that the pot will barely simmer. An hour before time to eat, put in the potatoes and turnips, if you have them, and whatever additional seasoning you may desire. The result will delight outdoor appetites, and you won't need anything else but a salad and dessert.

For hot cakes try adding an egg or two, evaporated milk and a little sugar to your prepared mix. The result will be a great improvement. Stir the batter until it is smooth and of the proper consistency—thick batter for thick

cakes; thin batter for thin ones—and then never heat it again. Additional stirring will break the bubbles and result in thin, leathery hot cakes.

The griddle should be lightly greased and almost, but not quite, smoking hot for good pancakes. Pour the batter on. When big bubbles appear on the surface the cake is ready to turn. Let the other side cook about the same length of time, then dent it with the corner of your turner. If the depression stays down, the middle of the cake is still raw and needs more cooking. If it springs back, however, the cake is ready to eat.

Drain your bacon and eggs on several folds of paper towel, then put them on one plate and cover them with another. Keep them hot until the hot cakes are ready by setting them on top of the coffeepot or over a kettle of hot water at the corner of the stove.

A can of consommé is one of the finest things to include in your lunch on a hike. Simply punch a couple of holes in the can and drink it as is. You will discover that it quenches thirst, refreshes and restores energy.

A supply of plastic bags such as are used to store food in a freezer will be handy for a dozen uses around camp. You should have several sizes. They'll keep vegetables fresh, leftover food clean, prevent bread from drying out, and can be used to pack lunches.

You can make delicious cocoa for the youngsters by diluting evaporated milk half and half with water and using the combination as you would fresh milk. If you have it, a few drops of vanilla will improve the flavor.



Good coffee probably is the greatest treat of all in camp, but boiling it in a pot calls for a different technique from using a dripcoator or percolator at home. I prefer to put the coffee in the pot first, pour in cold water, bring it to a boil and set it off the fire. If the water is questionable, boil it first, put in the coffee, let it boil for one minute and set it off.

Don't forget lights. You'll probably go to bed early after active outdoor days, but you'll still need to have

light. A gasoline lantern makes an excellent camp light, and a gallon of white gasoline will keep it going for a week's normal use. Or, you can get six-volt bulbs that run off your car battery. Plug the extension cord into the lighter socket. And, of course, any party should have at least a couple of flashlights too.

Campsilverware is most conveniently carried in a little canvas bag with a drawstring at the top. Sharp knives, of which you'll need a few, should have sheaths to protect the edges and to keep them from punching holes in the bag.

If it should rain—and there is no law to prevent it—a light tarpaulin measuring 8x10 or 10x12 feet can be stretched up with sisbeerd to nearby trees to shelter the cooking-eating area. At other times you'll want to spread it on the ground to sit on.

Food such as bread, crackers, cookies



and flour that are attractive to ants and rodents should be stored in a box with a tight-fitting cover. It is no fun to find ants in the sugar or a loaf of bread with the corner chewed off by mice.

You'll discover that one of the handiest items around camp is a little bag containing a pair of pliers, a roll of stovepipe wire and an assortment of 8-, 16- and 30-penny nails.

As for snakes, in the West the only dangerous poisonous snake is the rattler, although a small coral snake is found in Arizona and New Mexico. In parts of the East and South, of course there are copperheads and water moccasins, as well as corals and rattlesnakes. Nowhere that I have been however, were snakes as numerous as the uninitiated are likely to imagine. Furthermore, they usually seek to avoid man whenever possible. A suction-type snake bite kit should be taken along in snake country as a precaution, but don't let the fear of snake—or wild animals—spoil your vacation. You're safer in the woods than you are on the highway. (END)

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

SO—season opened (by agent); **S**C—season closed (by date); **C**—clear water; **D**—water dirty or only; **M**—water muddy; **N**—water at normal height; **H**—highly high; **H**—high; **VH**—very high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—falling; **WT**—water temperature; **50°**—50°; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor.

TANGUICHE (Pl. NORTH CAROLINA): When John L. Wood of Princess Anne, Virginia, landed an odd-looking 20-lb. pointed mullet near Hatteras last week, it was tentatively identified as an Indian Ocean species called tanguiche and never previously reported from the Atlantic. Mr. Wood shipped his queer fish to the American Museum of Natural History for identification.

TARPON (Florida): While Tarpon Angler Ed Dunn and his family dived aboard their cruiser in Tarpon Bay, a 70-pound tarpon spotted the baited hook left dangling over the boat's stern, ate bait, jumped, landed in boat, disoriented divers. But he lost west coast spot fish in Boca Grande Pass, where Sarasota Jack Collins, who won last year's Sarasota tournament, took this year's lead with a 143-pounder. Generally, tarpon are more plentiful this year than last but not as spectacularly heavy.

SAWFISH (Florida): Biggest fishing news in Tampa last week was 1,000-pound 15-foot sawfish landed by Ray Martinez on 50-pound test line from party boat Atlantis, out of Johns Pass between St. Petersburg and Clearwater, after four hours of heaving and hauling. This member of shark family is rarely hooked so far north along this coast.

ATLANTIC SALMON (NOVA SCOTIA): Most rivers in province are badly in need of rain; meanwhile the Miramichi is top-producing (last week) with Sheet Harbor River runner-up.

NEW BRUNSWICK: Last week was poor on the Miramichi as main rivers are L, C, WT too high but agent reports some action at heads of Tobique, Rensselaire, Northwest Miramichi with small dry fish best; fair run of grise seems to be developing and next week should see slight improvement in this watershed. On St. John River, N and C, pulpwood drive peters out last week and OG for Harland and other good pools.

MAINE: Bangor Salmon Pool, where one salmon was total season catch at press time, Oct. 15. President Eisenhower got lotsome fish as guest.

STEELHEAD TROUT: (BRITISH COLUMBIA) First run moved through Stamp River on Oct. 1st was high water and was well up the Ash at press time, but another Stamp run seemed to be shaping up as river is at good height. Capilano and North Vancouver streams are good (last week) and OG. Good gamblers are Brem and Gold Rivers, if you can get there.

CALIFORNIA: Summer-run steelies to 8 pounds, together with a sprinkling of salmon, are in Trinity River and picking up momentum from Hyampom to Trinity Center, OG.

MUSKELLUNGE (ONTARIO): FG and OG across this province as M. M. Crawford of Chibougamau, Ontario, landed 32-pounder fromer from Lake Norabon in N. Bay area and John Prebble of Blairsville, Pa., removed 50-lb. pounder from north channel of French River just below Ouletta Falls, on pike-minnow plug and Johnson spoon, respectively. Other lures: Jugs in Ontario; M. M. Strick's 3-lb. pike fromer from McGregor Bay, northwestern Manitoulin Island and more than a dozen fish over 20 pounds from west arm of Lake Nipissing; best spots are edges of weed beds.

NEW YORK: Chautauque Lake trollers had trouble with floating weeds from weed-cutting operations, but plug-and-spoon casters scored, pretty much untouched weed beds, with several fish in 20-pound class baited last week, and OG through next fortnight.

WISCONSIN: FG/LG last week in northern state despite swirling weather and some heavy rain, with muskies still street-cornering at weed beds

in fairly shallow water, and OG for expert muskies on well-tuned lures. Thirty-pounder fillet from Lake Keweenaw, 35-pounder from Catfish Lake on bucketed. Some action reported in Ballard, Wilcox, Big Presque Isle and Big Arbor Vitae lakes.

MICHIGAN: Vinyl spies say OG and OP for Lake St. Clair as muskies may retire to deep water any day now. We split difference? OG.

PENNSYLVANIA: Lake LeBoeuf muskies were busy fishing and scooping all bait and lures last week and watching big walleyes (to 12 pounds) latch onto trebled spoons and spinners. However several bass fishermen in Allegheny River below Tidioute had tackle smashed when a subcutaneous muskie ate plugs.

TROUT: (WASHINGTON): All rivers SHL, but sculpin cuts showing in lower hatcheries, Salish and Quatnam rivers and OF/G. FG on South Fork of Skykomish as fly-fishers are taking huge rainbows on Royal Coachman and Grey Hackle patterns, wet and dry, Clear Lakes in Firer and Thurston counties both FG, OG for big browns. Cushman Lake FG, OG for silver trout. Lawrence Lake FG, OF for rainbows to 18 inches. Puyallup FG, OF, Liberty and Bullhead for big rainbows on trolley lures. First high-lake party packing to St. Grand Lakes out of Marblemount will find lots of rain, probably good fishing. Whatcom County is tapering off, but some lots of silver and rainbow trout. Tipu you can get to Canyon Lake and Creek for shark at cuts, brooks and rainbows; you'll trade lures lost on smugs for good fishing with little competition for best spots.

ONTARIO: FG, OF throughout most of province as WT rises, springers in smaller lakes and larger streams still producing, but skimpily; best bite is Amniskou Creek N. of Mattawa.

MONTANA: Most streams L, C, FG as unseasonable cool weather retards runoff, FG on Madison, Flathead and Yellowstone rivers, Rock Creek, OG as streams fail to easter well; OG in streams.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: FVG last week and OG for Kamloops trout in Lac Lajeune, Peterhope, Hornely, Paul, Beaver lakes, all interior lakes are hot, with OVG for fly-fishing above 3,500 feet and with trollers everywhere. FG with fly and troll for cuts on Campbell watershed including Butte River, Cameron and Shwagum producing well, OG in lakes, OF in streams.

COLORADO: Cantankereous Colorado correspondence comments. "There are still plenty of big fish here, and it is not as hot as the super-duper Baby-Dan fisherman with a 15-foot double-capped musky-lead with special Premium English reel and self-tied old skunk in a number 18 light-wire hook. Next gets them." Cuts: 10-pound 6-pounder extracted from Roaring Fork by Mrs. Kenneth Tucker of Carbondale, who employed large, sloppy gob of salmon eggs presumably not on surface, 10-lb. light-wire hook, Gunnison River L, C, FG, OVG, Lac Antelope River L, C, FG, OG, Williams Fork L, C, FG, OG, Blue River L, C, FG, OG, Cochetops Creek L, C, FG, OVG, Antelope River L, C, FG, OVG, Colorado River (Middle Fork) L, C, FG, OG, Yampa N, C, FVG, OVG, St. Louis Creek N, C, FG, OVG, Big Thompson F, C, FG, OF,oudre N, C, FG, OF/G.

MICHIGAN: Daytime fishing improving on Saginaw, Au Sable, Sturgeon, Pigeon and Manistee as streamers "saggy" success. Artificial raise good brooks and browns; OG as cold front moved in last Sunday to break heat wave. But night fishing is still best bet for big browns.

PENNSYLVANIA: Most central state streams are nearly deserted but good fly-fishers can

rustle up a few nice fish almost any evening on Light, Cattle and other small dry casters; FG through next week, despite high WT. Best lures are Spring and Bold Eagle crickets in Centre County, other spring-fled limestone streams. All Allegheny Forest streams were low at press time, with WT 58-70 and FG except for some well-bedded, swift streams such as upper Kiamus. "Northern lake" streams are low but big dries will take big browns after midnight, especially in larger pools in the lower First Fork.

CALIFORNIA: Trinity Alps Primitive Area lakes including Emerald, Sagehen, Stoddard and Caribou are low-free and provide some limits on flies and bait. Other good beta in northern region: upper Main River and lower Red, Lake Pillsbury, Battle Creek, Feather River and its forks, Desolation Valley lakes in American River watershed, south forks of Merced River, Woodchuck, Indian, Cow and Rancheria creeks on upper King River. Thunderbolts in northern and central Sierra closed up recent country spot but clearing weather is forecast and OG, say peckers. Hot spot on east slope of Sierra is Bridgeport Reservoir, where FG for lunkers with fly and troll. Crawley is calm but fishing tailed off last week. Clock Creek lakes are good bet for bagging brooks, Cack, Heart, Long and Chickensfoot lakes are well worth long hike. Owens River gorge L but FG with bait. In Sierra Nevada, CA, heavily shaded; some good catches from West Fork of San Gabriel, Big Bear, Little Rock Reservoir, Crystal Lake.

OREGON: Most larger lakes seem to be sheeking off but fly-fishing picking up in Santiam River; moving trout to west, with trout to 15 inches taking small dries, and OG. Deschutes River 80, FG, OF.

STRIPED BASS: NEW YORK: At press time anglers were avoiding Montauk like the plague, but new schools may move into area any day to replace ones that disappeared several weeks ago; meanwhile OVG.

NEW JERSEY: FG/G with trolled bunker spoons by day, trolled rigged eels and plugs at night, from Saddle River to Sra Bight; bass averaged over 30 pounds last week and OG through next. At Barnegat Inlet, FF with plugs for smaller fish during day, FF from surf and jetty from Long Branch through Deal.

MARSHACHTERS: Big news is still huge striped catches on Rattapogon Shoal in Cape Cod Bay; one party averaged 100 lbs. per fish. Salties brought in 48 bass weighing over 3 1/2 tons; had 7 fish on at same time and baited the hatch. Best bets for surf casters are Sunkers Meadows in Provincetown, where 100 lbs. bass have been taken in sporadic as big offshore schools occasionally chase bait within range of blue-algae plugs (best lure); night casts are best time. Cape Cod Canal fishing is slower, with one angler rigging eels for night bottom fishing. FF/LG at Cutchubug as charter boats averaged 5 bass per night while trolling Sows & Pigs Reef. FG at North River mouth (Scituate-Manhasset Inlet) and FF for toilers inside river.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Big schools of small strippers were hitting Beaufort last week. Salties, Cooper River but big fish were scattered.

BLUEFISH: NEW JERSEY: "Best run of blues in 20 years!" say clam-fraught Jersey veterans. Schools averaging 6 pounds were four to 12 miles offshore last week off Ashbury Park to Monmouth Beach and in Middle, with catches averaging 10 to 15 lbs. per fish. Best bet to try light spin and fly tackle on willing fish. Several over 10 pounds reported. Surfmen were setting for smaller fish; best spot was Long Branch, OG through next 10 days, as new schools are expected.

NEW YORK: Charter boats out of Freeport, were knocking blues from 4 to 5 pounds dead last week and OG through this week; most blues were chumming.

TUNA: MARSHACHTERS: Schoed fish were still offshore and coy last week, but 10 lb. blues showed up in fish traps.

MAINE: Bluefin are due off coast this week after showing off Wedgeport (Nova Scotia) last Saturday (where first fish taken averaged only 300 pounds).

NEW JERSEY: School fish averaging about 20 pounds are abundant 30 to 15 miles SE of Barnegat Inlet, Beach Haven and Atlantic City but aren't being bothered much as Brille and Point Pleasant boats concentrate on ocean blues in area; FG, OG.

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INSIDE BASEBALL

by PAUL RICHARDS

THE BALTIMORE MANAGER CONTINUES
HIS DISCUSSION OF GOOD, HEADS-UP
BASE RUNNING. MORAL: DO IT WELL
AND YOU'LL WIN TOUGH BALL GAMES

PART VI: BASE-RUNNING STRATEGY (CONT.)

NO AMOUNT of clubhouse coaching will ever complete a base runner's education. Constant practice, intelligent observation plus experience are the only routes to success.

A play which many times victimizes, of all people, the intelligent and hustling base runner, occurs when, with men on first and third, one out and the infield back, a ball is hit on the ground to the second baseman—not quite hard enough for the routine second-to-short-to-first double play. Realizing he can't throw to second and complete the double play, the second baseman rushes the ball, tags the runner and throws to first for the third out.

Base-running strategy in this case demands that the runner on first—on all ground balls hit to the second baseman—*hold up immediately*. This does not mean he takes three or four more steps in the direction of second base and *there* holds up. *He must train himself to hold up at once*. Until one has experienced this particular play, it just isn't conceivable how easily the second baseman can scoop up the ball on the dead run, overtake the runner

and flip to first to complete the play.

On another base-running play that occurs with runners on first and third and no outs, base runners have been told that the man on third must always go home. Most of the time the defense will concede the run and take the double play, hoping it will break the back of that particular inning.

This play becomes more than routine, however, in the late innings of a ball game with the "big" run on third. With the infield pulled in, or even halfway in, and only an average runner on third, a ground ball many times means the out will be made on the runner trying to score from third.

Close appraisal of this situation leads me to conclude that the runner on third should not try automatically to score on all ground balls.

On a slowly hit ball down the first or third base line, when it's obvious a double play is impossible, the base runner on third should hold close. By holding, he forces the defending team to make the out, probably at first base, leaving the offensive team with runners on second and third.

Base runners who slide into first

base cheat themselves out of a step or more on a close play. To say *never* to slide into first base is wrong; but to say seldom slide into first certainly is correct. Upon rare occasions a base runner may detect or sense a semiwild throw from an infielder that will pull the first baseman off the bag. If the base runner is alert enough to slide, then, and then only, does the play become worthwhile. You might be lucky enough to see one player in 5,000 heads-up enough to pull this play.

I firmly believe no player ever will become a really great base runner if he thinks he can depend on coaches telling him what to do. He must develop his judgment and timing to an extent that allows him to run the bases on his own—99% of the time. In that moment it takes for a coach to relay any given sign, the opportunity for any daring on the base paths—and it is well to remember they don't arise often—has passed into eternity.

Perhaps one play exists in which the base runner must depend entirely upon the coach—when the runner rounds third, the ball is behind him. The coach who is up the line can render valuable service by allowing the fielder's handling of the ball to dictate his decision.

HELP BEFORE THE PLAY

Experience, however, has taught us that most of the help the coach can give the base runner actually comes *before* the play is made. This includes reminders about the number of outs and the score, a caution to watch the line drive, a warning about a pitcher's move or a catcher who likes to put on a pick-off play and an alert to the runner not to allow the second baseman to tag him on a double play in a first and third situation with one out.

Constant practice and application by any player on the exact times he can safely increase has led a step or two can easily make a game or two difference in his club's standing. For example, a runner on third base with one out can safely steal an extra step or two on a normal lead if the count on the batter goes against the pitcher.

The subject of base running always leads me to Orestes Minozzi of the Chicago White Sox. Minozzi is the only man I know who has ever scored from first on a passed ball—in 1953 against the Detroit Tigers. I assure you he would have been out by a mile if he had started in the ladylike manner of many runners. Far too many fail to dig hard at the opening break. Therein lies one of the secrets of successful base running, from Ty Cobb down. **END**



LIGHTNING START, must for good base running, isn't always the answer. New York's Mantle had jump on Wynn of Cleveland but was out taking second in June 12 game.

BASEBALL

by ROBERT CREAMER

NOBODY BUT NOBODY IS MORE OF
AN OPTIMIST THAN A GIANT FAN.
BUT LAST WEEK THE MOST FANATIC
HAD TO FACE IT: WE'RE THROUGH

IT IS ONLY RIGHT to give the devil his due, and while that may be too strong a term even for Dodger fans, it is wrong to wait any longer to allow them their proper and deserved gloat. The Giants are through.

The truth is, they've been through for well over a month now, but you know how Giant fans are. You remember 1951 and 1954. They were glorious years for the Giants, years that filled their followers forever with wild and unreasonable optimism, even in times of suffering.

To the Giant fan there has never been a better ball team than the Giants who won the World Series last fall, and not just because of Dusty Rhodes and Willie Mays. What comes to mind is the driving, relentless game played by Henry Thompson at third base, the brilliance with which Alvin Dark ran bases, the calm, almost arrogant way Johnny Antonelli pitched.

The Giants were a wonderful team last fall, sharp and decisive and knowing. And they were the same way early this spring. There was a day in March in Phoenix, before the exhibition season began, when Leo Durocher got his infield—Thompson, Dark, Williams, Lockman—out for a fielding drill. It was a routine drill with the players betting cokes on the errors but, as so often happens with Leo Durocher, things suddenly caught fire.

Six or seven hundred people were watching from the grandstand. It might be that Leo felt the desire to show off before a crowd. Perhaps it was simple pride. At any rate when the time came to bring the ball in—the windup of the drill when each infielder in turn takes five grounders in succession, moving in closer to the plate for each one, throwing the ball each time in to the catcher and running off the field as he finishes—Durocher lit the spark.

"All right," he barked in a voice that carried into the stands. "Let's bring it in. And any miss this time means a coke for me."

Lockman picked up the challenge. "Okay," he said, "but if we go all the way around without a miss the cokes are on you."

"All right," Durocher said, as only Durocher can say "all right"—in a

tone that means, "You want to play rough? All right, we'll play rough."

He began with Thompson at third base, and Thompson handled five in a row perfectly. Durocher was hitting the ball hard, to be fair to himself, but cleanly, to be fair to his infield. He hit five to Dark, and Dark handled five in a row, moving in defiantly on each ball until he was almost to the pitcher's mound. Durocher turned to hit to Williams and found the second baseman waiting on the grass next to the pitcher's mound, half crouched, hands flat down on his thighs, a little boy's grin on his face because of the joke of being too close to the plate. Durocher looked at him. Williams smacked his hands down twice on his thighs impatiently, as if to say, "Let's go!" "Move back!" Durocher ordered. Williams, still grinning, not moving, smacked his hands down again.

"All right," Durocher said. "All right."

Five times he rocketed ground balls at Williams. Five times Williams came up with the ball brilliantly. When he ran in off the field Durocher turned to watch him go, grinning after him. Then he turned to Lockman and Lockman handled his five grounders without error, racing in for the last one, scooping it up, firing it to the catcher and sprinting in off the field.

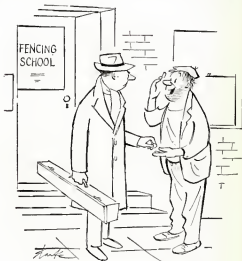
The people in the grandstand burst into spontaneous applause, and Leo Durocher walked off the field, as proud as a man can be.

Watching the drill, feeling the excitement mount, sensing the competitive sharpness, the rise to a challenge, the triumph of accomplishment, the joy, the fun, the pleasure, the supreme confidence, you could not doubt for a minute that the Giants were still the best team in baseball.

NOTHING LEFT BUT OPTIMISM

On such moments is optimism built. But later, after the season began and the hitters slumped and the fielders creaked with pulled muscles and bad backs and the pitchers lost their control and the team stumbled along, the moments were few for the Giant fan and optimism was about all he had left to nourish his spirit.

Oh, how he suffered these last several
continued on next page



"Tough! And thank you very much, sir."



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BASEBALL

continued from page 11

weeks as the Dodgers flew high and the Giants plummeted like wounded eagles—four straight losses and 12 of 17 in the first great collapse and then six straight and 12 of 15 in the second.

But even so, optimism prevailed, and when the Giants revived in early July to win four games in a row and six of seven, the ears of every Giant fan in the country stood erect, quivering, listening for something, anything, that sounded like '51 or '54. The Dodgers were coming into the Polo Grounds for a three-game series and though they led the league by 13½ games and were 16½ ahead of the fourth-place Giants, the Giant fan waited for them as the starving wolf waits for the frolicking lamb. This might be the time, he felt. This might be the beginning.

For instance, Arch Murray of the *New York Post*, a good writer and a good reporter but a Giant fan to the core, wrote seriously: "If the Giants can win two out of three, they'll be only 15½ away with almost half a season to go." And someone told Leo Durocher that the Giants would be only 13½ behind if they swept all three games. You know what he meant. You remember in 1951 when the Giants were 13½ games behind the Dodgers and . . . Well, so Leo, who has had a hard time this year, remembered it too. "We'd be right back in their territory again, wouldn't we?" he said, grinning.

All this is mentioned only to demonstrate how real Giant optimism was, just last Friday. Even though the team was at a bare 500, with 40 won and 40 lost, and closer to sixth place than third, Giant players and Giant fans were thinking of a pennant.

They forgot about it that night. In a game with the Dodgers that they knew they had to win, the Giants lost. More than that they lost to a patchwork Dodger team, playing without Campanella, Furillo or Robinson. They lost after running up an impressive 6-0 lead against the renowned Don Newcombe, whose record of 14-1 is the best in the majors. They lost miserably, giving up the winning runs in the eighth and ninth innings on some of the worst fielding seen this season.

The final score was 12-8, and nothing the Giants do the rest of the year—even flashes like their 10-2 and 3-2 victories in the remainder of the series—will make up for it. The Giants are not only dead, they are buried. Their season is over, and here it is only All-Star time.

END

MOTOR SPORTS

by JOHN BENTLEY

"CANCELLATION" OF THE FRENCH
GRAND PRIX HAS LEFT EUROPEAN
RACING IN A MUDDLE. HERE IS
A FACTUAL REPORT FROM PARIS

NOW THAT the furor among press and public over the Le Mans disaster has subsided and officials have had time to consider sober action to prevent a recurrence of such fearful accidents, where does automobile racing stand in Europe?

France's action—the banning of all races and rallies on roads until a new set of safety regulations has been drafted—was by far the most drastic, and few other European nations have shown much alacrity in following the French lead. Where other promoting clubs do appear to be doing so, it is very likely due to other reasons. For instance, the provisional cancellation of the Swiss Grand Prix at Bern August 21 may have been inspired by the \$18,000 loss sustained by the Swiss Auto Club in last year's event. The same holds true of the Spanish Grand Prix at Barcelona, which probably will not be held October 23, although no official announcement has yet been made by the Barcelona Chamber of Commerce, which stages the event for the Automobile Club of Spain. Barcelona, considered the most dangerous Grand Prix course, would require costly changes to meet the proposed new safety standards. In any event, the Spanish Grand Prix is not a regular annual fixture. It was held in 1954 after a two-year layoff.

Italy, which did ban all road racing after Le Mans, has now relented. The Italian Grand Prix will definitely be held as scheduled at the Monza track on September 11. Road races announced on the calendar may be run without reference to the authorities, provided competing cars are limited to two liters engine displacement. This includes the grueling Dolomite Gold Cup run on July 10. Where road races involve cars of over two liters, permission must be sought from the CSI (International Sporting Commission) through which the FIA (International Automobile Federation) exercises worldwide governing power. The CSI, however, regards the safety of road courses as an individual national problem and is not attempting to lay down hard-and-fast rules in this respect. Thus, next year's Mille Miglia will be held as

usual and may well include cars of over two liters.

Britain has no road races in the Continental sense, but the British Grand Prix to be held at Aintree near Liverpool July 16 is unaffected and now assumes far greater importance. The field will feature 24 entries, including leading Continental makes—Mercedes, Ferrari, Maserati, Gordini, plus British Vanwalls (new Grand Prix jobs) and Connaughts. The Royal Automobile Club has set up a special safety committee under Lord Brabazon to study problems connected with crowd safety at race events, but since British races are held on airfields or special closed courses, nothing very drastic is expected. The RAC special committee appears more as a gesture of sympathy and endorsement, while the French wrestle with their own problems. In France two inquiries are in progress—a judicial one into causes and responsibilities for the Le Mans disaster, and that of a government-appointed safety precautions committee struggling with the ticklish question of how far to enforce crowd and driver safety measures recommended by the Ministers of Interior, Health and Transport. The French government may be wondering whether it hasn't gone too far out on a limb with its total ban of racing events. First official announcement regarding

cancellation of the French Grand Prix at Rheims July 3 was made June 22. It simply states that the Grand Prix was postponed "indefinitely." A week later however, came another official statement: "It is now hoped the race will be held before the end of the season." A persistent rumor sets August 21 as the new date, presumably to replace the canceled Swiss Grand Prix, but nothing is definite. The Automobile Club of Champagne, which owns the permanent road circuit of Rheims and is delegated to run this event by the Automobile Club of France, finds itself in a serious quandary. A big oil and gas corporation (BP Energol) has sunk 78 million francs into the French Grand Prix. Almost certainly, therefore, the race will go on later.

AN IMPRESSION FOR THE PUBLIC

The general impression among informed club officials and active race drivers is that what comes out of these various safety committees is less important than giving the public an impression of tremendous activity and furious deliberation. Western German opinion, represented largely by Mercedes-Benz, is content to let this famous firm act as the arbiter of safety measures in racing. Mercedes lays blame for the Le Mans accident squarely on Mike Hawthorn's Jaguar, but has come up with some good ideas for crowd and driver safety, such as the one at Zandvoort (SI, July 4). The German racing calendar is unaffected. The German Grand Prix will be held at Nurburgring as planned, July 31, on that famous course which affords all the thrills of auto road racing at its very best while providing ideal safety for the spectators. (END)



"They still haven't fixed that crack in the ceiling."

GOLF

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

A DISCUSSION OF SOME OF THE
REASONS FOR GREAT BRITAIN'S
INTERNATIONAL FAILURES IN
AN AGE OF VERY SERIOUS GOLF

If you are an American golfer and you travel to Britain and in due course sit down behind a mild-and-bitter or a gin-and-French (or even a little White-and-Carr on the rocks) and talk things over in the company of British golfers, the first subject that is likely to come up will be what-is-wrong-with-British-golf. No matter how long you stay in Britain, you are lucky if you ever get off it. It is the topic, and it is easy to understand why. Since the early '20s when American golfers made their first successful sorties on the British championships, our players, both amateur and professional, have over the years increased their superiority to the point where they largely dominate the British Amateur and Open (when they enter them) and where, for many observers, it is no longer a question of which side will take the Ryder Cup and Walker Cup matches but by how large a margin the Americans will win.

It is useless diplomacy to point out to defeat-seared British golf fans that the United States almost lost the last two Ryder Cup matches played in England, that our ladies *did* lose the Curtis Cup in 1952, and that the lopsided scores do not accurately reflect the essential balance of every Walker

Cup match held in Britain (if not in America). "Come off it, old boy," your British companion will inavertely retort. "Your boys have won 14 out of the last 15 Walker Cup matches and you've won every Ryder Cup match since 1933, and you know it. But that's hardly scuffing the cover of the ball, if you know what I mean. You produce wonderful shotmakers by the dozens, new stars every year. Who besides Cotton and maybe Dai Rees and Eric Brown and Peter Alliss do we have in the same class with your top 30 or 40 pros? Or take your amateurs, lovely players like your Mr. Harvie Ward and Charles Coe. They make most of our amateurs look like . . . er . . . amateurs. No slur intended, not at all—envy, if anything. What we can't figure out is the *why*—why your players are so much better. The way things are going now, our chaps are no match for yours and, candidly, I wonder if they will ever be again."

While most British golf fans confess they "can't figure out the why," this should not be taken to mean that they are without their opinions as to the reasons underlying the superiority of American golfers. Anything but. You hear hundreds of different explanations advanced, and there is a substan-

tial vein of truth in even the most entertaining ones. I am thinking at the moment of the answer given by Sir Guy Campbell, the old soldier who is the game's greatest antiquarian, when he was asked that question only a few hours after the recent Walker Cup match. "Putting—that's the crux of it," Sir Guy declared, hurling aloft an index finger. "Every contest is eventually decided by a pointed stick. In war, it's the bayonet. In golf, it's the putter. On the greens—that is where the battle was lost and won."

Any attempt to understand Great Britain's continued lack of success in recapturing its former primacy in international golf must begin with the consideration of a number of trite, unexciting and very significant facts. First (as Bill Blaney pointed out in a letter recently printed in the 1958 *HOLDS* section of this magazine), we start with the advantage of having about three times the population of the British Isles and about three times the number of golfers. This gives us, in the natural course of mathematics, a far larger number of golfers with an innate talent for the game, and certainly the opportunities for developing that talent into a real proficiency are greater in this country. Before we get into that extremely provocative phase of the subject, a few other fundamental advantages enjoyed by American golfers should be mentioned. While our weather is far inferior to Great Britain's in producing rosy cheeks and a demand for hot-water bottles, our kinder climate permits many of our ambitious golfers to play or practice daily, and a career golfer can find warm weather somewhere in our country every week of the year. "Following the sun"—that would be quite a stunt in Britain. Furthermore, the opportunity our golfers regularly have to play without wearing four sweaters, rain pants and (occasionally) mittens and without having to "spread" their balance to stand firm against the stiff winds from off the sea has been an implicit agent in the development of the far more precise, articulated, and professional "modern American swing."

One can go on almost indefinitely discussing the niceties of British technique and course conditions as compared with the American, and one does in every British clubhouse: how, as Jimmie Wilson, the former Walker Cup player, expressed it, "American golfers seem to hit past a firm left side while our fellows try to hit against a firm left arm and a firm left hand"; how the larger American ball putts better and



"You forget, Clara—but here my word is law!"

elicits the development of a better putting stroke; how the smaller British ball gives the player a smaller area to contact as he hits down on his pitches and, perhaps, retards the player from developing the confident, decisive hitting action which the American ball encourages; how there is a shortage of British pros who are models of good style; and so on and on into the night. But sooner or later, any genuinely serious pursuit of the subject has to embrace "the bigger picture"—the disparate social and economic conditions in the two countries and the very different positions the star golfer (or any star athlete, for that matter) is accorded in each.

LAND OF THE PATRON

We are all pretty well acquainted, I think, with the "forces" in our American setup which afford many of our promising young golfers the chance to realize every ounce of their potential. There is the college scholarship offered by institutions eager to increase their reputations via their outstanding sports teams; this four-year incubation sometimes improves the golfer's mind and, at all times, his golf. There is the "patron" or "sponsor," a successful businessman usually, who is only too happy to find a job in his organization for a personable and capable young golfer. Since the sponsor likes nothing better than access to the inside life at the tournaments plus the vision of being close to a possible champion, his boy, you can be assured that his golfer-employee has the opportunity to play in the important events. There is nothing at all wrong with such a liaison—everyone benefits—as long as the proportions remain right. As for the young American who decides to turn professional, there is a tremendous incentive to take that step since a top tournament pro here commands the status, fame and earning power of a big-time entertainer. The prospect of success through golf is darned inviting—that's the central point. There is room enough at the top for many of the young men the game attracts but not for all, and the competition to earn a spot as one of the elect is terrific. It is the intense competition, more than any other single factor, probably, that has continually elevated the standard of play in this country. You had better hole that 11-footer, young man. The next guy can. You had better learn how to respond to the pressure. The next guy does.

The magnificent repeat victory Peter
continued on next page

TIP FROM THE TOP



from GENE ANDERSEN, pro at Oyster Harbors Club, Oysterville, Mass.

especially for weekend
high-handicap golfers

What the weekend golfer needs most is "weekend equipment." For all the good the standard complement of 14 clubs does the weekend golfer, at least five of these could be left in his locker. These are the driver, the brassie and the two-, three- and four-irons. With their long shafts and lack of loft, these five clubs require extraordinary timing, a timing too exact for the golfer who can devote no more than one or two rounds a week to the game. In their place he would be wise to substitute a one-and-a-half-wood, a five-wood and a seven-wood.

Now, a one-and-a-half-wood is not a brassie. It's the normal, deeper-faced driver with more loft added. The face on a brassie is too shallow for use off a wooden tee, and its lack of loft makes it all but useless for long shots through the fairway, where your spoon could, and should, be used exclusively. The five-wood can be used instead of a two-iron, the seven-wood for both the three- and four-irons. By sliding through the turf rather than digging into it, the flat sole of a wood offers a margin for error that the blade of an iron does not. And if you're a weekend golfer, you need all the margin for error you can get.



Above: the wood at the left is a five-wood; the wood at the right, a seven-wood; between them the irons they replace, in Gene Andersen's view, the two-, three and four. At right: Andersen and the lineup of woods he recommends: a one and a half, three, five and seven

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GOLF

continued from page 15

Thomson scored last week in the British Open is an eloquent commentary on the post-graduate course in competitive golf exclusively available on our tournament circuit. After his victory in the 1964 British Open, the mature young Australian could have spent the past year lasing in glory outside the United States. He chose instead to return here for another arduous and uncelebrated session on the winter and spring tour. "I've a lot to learn," Peter explained this past March, "and this is the only place to learn it."

HELP WANTED

In Britain, on the other hand, there is no comparable machinery for giving the young man with natural talent the support he needs if he is to develop his skill and compete on equal terms with his American counterpart. There are no golf scholarships. The lure of professional golf is decidedly less golden. There are few active sponsors. Everyone talks about arranging a car ride to, and a guest room at, the next big tournament for this or that young amateur, but nobody ever does much about it. Nobody ever did, and to do so now is still regarded as an act that might be regarded as "bad form." To be very sophisticated about it, and we might as well be, English amateurs frequently take the wrong type of job. Young Ian Caldwell, for example, is a dental surgeon. Well, what dental surgeon is going to be able to enter four or five big tournaments a year, as a salesman or a goodwill ambassador can? And really he must if he is going to accustom himself to the strain important competition invariably produces and be tournament-tough when he participates in a Walker Cup match. Additionally he must face up to the repeated demands made on him that he not just play well but win, mind you, win—demands which are made on him by the press and by a golfing public which is sick and tired of losing but who never quite get around to performing middleman duties which they know are performed in the United States.

There is a great, great deal to be said for the British way of life, the British golfing atmosphere, and also for the good old days when golf was more of a game. However, today we are simply talking about the hussiness of modern golf and why Americans have been so consistently victorious in international play. These are just some of the reasons. **END**

TENNIS

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

BACK FROM WIMBLEDON, THE U.S.
DAVIS CUP CAPTAIN REVISES AN
OLD RHYME AND SAYS: "WON'T
YOU COME ONTO THE TEAM, BOYS?"

THE IMPRESSIVE American victory at Wimbledon has left a lot of people feeling that right now Uncle Sam is safely up on top in the tennis world. It's easy to overlook the fact that most of the glory won on foreign battlefields is due to the efforts of one man—Tony Trabert. The unpleasant and disquieting truth is that one man doesn't make a tennis team; that we need a tennis team for our next big hurdle, the Davis Cup matches at Forest Hills in August; and that we are in real trouble on that score.

For a Challenge Round there must be another singles player plus a doubles team. Who will be our other singles player and who will play the doubles? We may hope that Vic Seixas gets over his ailments and that Ham Richardson will pull out of his slump, but our bench is still lacking in able reserves for these spots. Never has our need for good players been greater, and seldom in recent years has the prospect of getting them been gloomier.

Wimbledon led me to hope that one man might be available—that American in Paris, Budge Patty. This 32-year-old tennis war horse with a yen for continental living shot into the tennis spotlight with a brilliant showing, highlighted by his straight-set victory over Australia's strong young ace, Lew Hoad. Patty might have been just the ingredient our Davis Cup team needed—a stylist with an effortless, poised game, an excellent repertoire of shots and plenty of savvy picked up in years of playing the European circuit.

But Patty turned me down when I tried to persuade him to come to Forest Hills and make the team. He likes the life in Europe. He has made many friends there. He hasn't wanted to break these ties by coming to America for the Eastern grass court swing which winds up with the national tournament at Forest Hills.

Then there's Dick Savitt, the big bear from Orange, N.J., now at Houston, Texas, whose great ability was demonstrated once again when he gave both Trabert and Seixas a hard run for their money at the River Oaks Invitation in Houston (SI, May 2). Savitt was top news in tennis four years ago

—an overpowering player who defeated Australia's best, Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor, on two successive days and, with the Aussie championship under his belt, went on to win at Wimbledon. But then Dick virtually retired. He went to work in the oil business, played weekend tennis regularly but seldom showed up in the big time.

Yet, as I said last May, if he chose to make a comeback he could certainly make the team. He could make our big three of today uneasy, and might even become the head man of a new big four. I wish he would.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LITTLE NATIONS

Perhaps what we need is more of the spirit that animates all the little nations of the Davis Cup who year after year come out and keep this worldwide competition a living, animated and exciting thing. Each time the Davis Cup play starts rolling again I am amazed—and at the same time heartened—to see players of countries like Norway, where skiing is the major sport, or the Philippines, where tennis is still in its infancy, take up their rackets and try once more. They know they haven't got a chance but they keep on plugging.

The last 11 Challenge Rounds have been the monopoly of the United States and Australia with the U.S. winning six and Australia five of the matches. Of all the other countries in the world, only France, Belgium, Japan and Britain have enjoyed the prestige of a Challenge Round performance.

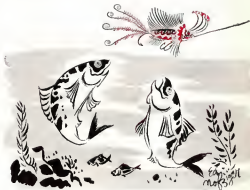
Yet 24 countries were entered in the European zone eliminations, which began several months ago in scattered cities of the old world. There are seven in the American zone waiting to begin July 15. There were three originally in the Eastern zone, with Burma already eliminated by the Philippines who in turn went down to Japan.

This repeated failure to crack the United States-Australia tennis orbit certainly must discourage the other nations at times. But hope of pulling an upset—plus perhaps the fun of engaging in a finesport—inevitably brings them all back.

It's different when you're always in the top ranks knowing you will stay there. Perhaps a winning player gets jaded, surfeited with victory. But here is something for Americans to think about, a new note which is creeping into the annual Davis Cup play:

I recall at the Davis Cup dinner following the Inter-Zone matches, Gunnar Collin, the diminutive captain of the Swedes, said he didn't know how long Europe could keep challenging. The expense of sending a team all around the world was great. The returns were always slim. And Collin added a remark which has, perhaps, the significance of that well-known cloud

continued on page 48



"I wouldn't even know how to go about eating one of those things."

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DEEP END

Around our house we have gone off the deep end on **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. We have enjoyed the articles concerned with sports with which we are familiar and have learned from others about sports with which we are not.

W. P. Root, Chicago, Ill.

TENNIS
continued from page 17

no bigger than a man's hand. He said he had heard some talk in European circles of a possible European competition. The countries participating would bolt the Davis Cup and play among themselves.

Such an eventuality would seem no threat to so traditional and honored an affair as the Davis Cup, were it not for one factor: the unrest among European nations. Calin said, is being fed by the Russians. Bent as they are on winning prestige in the sports world, they would like to enter international competition but fear to do so while the U.S. and Australia remain so far ahead of the world.

Russia has sent delegates to many European tournaments to talk of a new tennis alliance, a strictly European affair with America and Australia barred. So far, it has been only talk; I don't think any country would lightly bolt the Davis Cup. But I can readily see how, with a push and a promise, they could get the urge.

It's up to us—the U.S. and Australia—to keep the Davis Cup the living tradition it has been. It's up to Americans to provide the players. The door is wide open. Get your rackets out, men, and walk in! (END)

ANNIVERSARY



THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO this week, Bobby Jones started his career as an all-time great among golf champions by defeating Bobby Cruickshank in a memorable play-off for the United States Open title at the Inwood Country Club on Long Island, N.Y. Jones's second shot on the 18th, a one-iron out of the rough that went almost 200 yards and stopped two yards from the flag, clinched victory for the 21-year-old Georgian.



Remember—Only you can
PREVENT FOREST FIRES!

THE POWDER PUFFS

continued from page 32

Puff Derby: that is, time between the take-off and landing stamps in the log-book. At Blythe, Phoenix, Tucson, El Paso, Midland (a mandatory stop), Wichita Falls, Tulsa, Springfield, Mo., St. Louis, Terre Haute, Dayton, Wheeling, Reading, Pa. (mandatory), or Springfield, Mass. (finish line), the girls could relax once they were stamped in. But only these places had the official time clocks, and as far as the Derby was concerned, every minute spent elsewhere was flying time. A miscalculation on fuel which caused an unexpected 15-minute landing at any other field was just that much time against the contestant. Minutes spent in maneuvering for a landing, waiting for tower clearance on the radio and taxiing are counted against the entrant, also time spent stopping the engine and opening the door. So is running time to the clock. Once the book is stamped, all is O.K., and girls who a moment before were hell-bent for leather can light a cigarette and go to town for a leg-wax. It is a standing joke in the Derby that the race is really won on foot, not in the air, and that the smart contestant picks a copilot for sprinting, not flying, ability.

SAUSAGE THROUGH A GRINDER

Number 25, a Beechcraft Bonanza, from Lansing, Mich., stopped at Phoenix. While Marion Ruth, copilot, went for a quick dip in the pool, the pilot, Jane Hart, who is the wife of Michigan's lieutenant governor and the mother of six small children, decided to run up the engine for a magneto check. There was a roar overhead, and No. 25, a Cessna 140, containing Tulsa girls Faye Mefford and Tissue Lawrence, came in for a landing with the throttle buried deep in the instrument panel. They had planned their approach well and the taxi-run to the clock went nicely, but Tissue and Faye miscalculated slightly on the turn before the clock and fed the last three feet of their left wingtip through No. 25's spinning propeller, like sausage through a grinder. From Marion's position in the pool it sounded like someone eating celery in the distance.

Miraculously, the Bonanza's propeller survived. While one of the culprits apologized to poor, startled Mrs. Hart, the other rushed to the clock with her logbook. This seemed to me a gallant, useless gesture. I just didn't know Tissue and Faye yet. Between them they possessed 350 hours, and what

they lacked in experience they made up in spirit and irrepressible good humor. There was a party for the contestants at the motel that night, a very hospitable affair, marred somewhat by the inevitable drugstore cowboys who turn up at every well-publicized Arizona social affair and fire off .44 caliber blanks in the guests' ears. Long after most racers had retired to escape the noise and rest for an early start, I saw Tissue and Faye still enjoying the conviviality of the pistol-toters. When they introduced me to a chap they said was a fellow Cessna owner who was practically in tears over their plight, I knew they would fly next morning. They did. It is a rare experience to see the wings charmed right off a man's airplane. A mechanic made the switch and painted the new numbers on before dawn.

I almost let the race get away from me on the second day. I refused to fly my new plane full-throttle, even though the Lycoming engine people said it was O.K. and I knew the other Tri-Pacer pilots in the race would never speak to me again. I took "grandfather's route" from Phoenix to El Paso, dog-legging via Tucson, where the hills are flatter. Everybody else, including some bona fide grandmothers, went direct and at full-throttle, saving several minutes over the rugged mountains full of early-morning ground fog.

Mickey Clark, a tiny housewife from St. Louis with 200 hours, flying

solo in No. 15, a Piper Pacer, got loused up by the ground fog. Long after she should have been in El Paso and shortly before her gas supply became critical, she realized she was pretty badly off-course. Seeing an airport below, she landed and was somewhat nonplussed when nobody seemed able to speak English. A Mexican pilot drew a rough map and gave her a compass heading to the border, 100 miles north.

This part of the journey was tough luck for another solo contestant, Laurie Griffin, No. 21, from Merriam, Kansas. No novice at cross-country flying, Mrs. Griffin figured her fuel consumption to El Paso so precisely that her plane ran out of gas over the airport. With no time for maneuvering, she came in downwind and rolled to a stop two miles from the clock. The air is hot and thin at El Paso, the breezes are powerful, and a downwind landing can be a spooky thing to do. This determined lady, the mother of two sons, hopped out of the ship and started running, logbook in hand. They sent a truck out to pick her up. Illegal. She waved it off and kept running. She had just enough strength left to put the proper page under the stamp before she passed out. Now it was O.K. Whatever time it took to recover wouldn't count against her. Up to then I had still been thinking of the contest as a sort of aerial yachting match, with variations. It began to look more like a Mexican road race.

Poor Mrs. Griffin (she was sponsored by her husband, president of the

continued on next page

THE FIRST TEN

PILOT AND COPILOT	AIRCRAFT	SCORE*
1 Franco S. Bera, Los Angeles Edna Bower, Long Beach	Cessna 180	33.91997
2 Alice Roberts, Phoenix Iris Critchell, Palms Verdes Est., Calif.	Beechcraft Bonanza	18.27672
3 Esther H. Gardiner, Watford, Conn. Clarissa H. Holcomb, Westfield, Mass.	Bellanca Crusair	14.07124
4 Margaret Callaway, Ft. Worth Lundy Boyce, Piedmont, Calif.	Cessna 140	13.86666
5 Marian E. Burke, San Antonio	Piper Super Cub Piper Tri-Pacer	11.17391 10.06580
6 Olive McCormick, Muncie, Ind. Audrey McCormick (Daughter), Muncie, Ind.	Cessna 179	9.64266
7 Alice Hammond, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich. Jean Pearson, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Cessna 140A	9.61277
8 Sylvia Roth, Chicago Helen Sailer, Evanston	Piper Tri-Pacer	9.58409
9 Shirley B. Froyd, Inglewood, Calif. Joyce Azee, Inglewood, Calif.	Cessna 140A	8.21749
10 Doris Escriet, Elko, Nevada Helen McIntosh, Sunland, Calif.		

*Average mph above 75'; hp sea level cruise

continued from page 49

Griffin Construction Company, whose motto is, "We go a long way to dig a little ditch") was probably still a little weak from the experience when she arrived at Midland, Texas, the next stop. By prearrangement with control towers (all entries were required to have two-way radio) the girls were to identify themselves by their TAR (Transcontinental Air Race) numbers. When they acknowledged her as 21, she thought that was the number of the runway they were giving her. An easy mistake, especially if you're used to normal radio procedure, and she flew out of it nicely, after touching down briefly on the southwest runway in a strong, gusty, 90° cross-wind.

"Are you sure I've got the right airport?" she asked the tower, circling again.

"Right airport, but you sure got the wrong runway, TAR 21," they told her, and then she got down all right. On take-off later, Mrs. Griffin forgot to set her directional gyro and was headed back toward El Paso when the tower called her and got her turned around. Apparently she flew the rest of the race without a flaw. Despite all the time these incidents had cost, she still came in ahead of par for her ship.

Between Midland and Tulsa you can stand on a soapbox and look farther and see less than anywhere in the world. But heading into the sun in a light plane early in the morning, you can't see at all. You can fly straight and risk chewing the tail off a slower plane ahead, or execute a series of S turns, which are time-consuming.

Several girls got off-course over the plains. Ruth Nitsen was one; she had to make her second emergency fuel stop of the race. Marian Burke, with Popeye still in the back of her Super Cub, stayed on-course O.K., but was made overly optimistic by strong early-morning tailwinds out of Midland and hoped to make Springfield, Mo. non-stop. After passing over Wichita Falls, her legitimate landing place, she ran out of tailwind halfway to Tulsa, made some rapid calculations over Shawnee, Okla., and sideslipped down, aimed for the gas pump, and landed practically on top of it.

The poor line boy on duty had probably never heard of the Powder Puff Derby. At first he strolled toward the customer, in the manner of all line boys, but his pace quickened when he saw a pretty, well-dressed little lady come flying out of the ship as if she'd



CHOC PILOTS DID THEIR OWN SERVICING

pulled the trigger on an ejection seat. Must be on fire.

"Don't walk, RUN!!!" she screeched at him.

Fire, sure enough. Why don't that fathead sailor in the back seat get out and help her? Probably his pipe that started it. Nope. Can't be a fire. She's reeling out the gas hose. The line boy began running in earnest.

"Ten gallons, and figure the amount while you put it in," Marian painted at him. An older man strolled up, and started fumbling with the Cub's cowl latch.

"Check your oil, ma'am?"

"DON'T YOU TOUCH THAT COWL!!!" She leaped at him like a wildcat. "Quick, how much is 10 gallons?"

Backing away from her warily, the poor man took out pencil and paper and began figuring laboriously, as Marian spilled change and greenbacks from shaking fingers.

"O.K. to take off on that little taxi strip?" she called as she started the engine.

"Lady, if you want to try it, go ahead," they gasped. "We think it's kind of dan . . ." She was gone.

Little Miss Burke wasn't the only one that tailwind dropped out on.

TEN FEET FROM THE PUMP

Beatrice MacPherson of Tucson and Alberta Hunt of Salt Lake City, flying No. 22, a Tri-Pacer, made a fuel stop at Miami, Okla., just ahead of me. They had hoped to make Springfield, too. Their engine quit 10 feet from the pump, according to the fellow who filled them up. This being a penalty stop for them (they should have landed at Tulsa), they were already gassed

and rolling by the time I got off the runway. They gave me a sympathetic "You, too?" look as we passed, and I never did have the guts to tell them that I landed with seven gallons aboard.

When I took off from Miami some of the towering summer cumulus ahead was already beginning to show signs of growing into thunderheads. A thunderhead is to the light plane as the maelstrom is to the skiff, and they develop fast on a muggy day.

Before long, a big one loomed ahead, his bottom getting black and his top already beginning to flare out in the anvil shape peculiar to the bad ones. Turning north to avoid it, I saw a Cessna 140 I'd been gaining on for the past 10 minutes keep barreling straight for the bottom of the cloud. It was No. 20. Either our Tissee and Faye are extraordinarily determined types, I thought, or they have been trusting weather reports on the radio. Many CAA employees manning these stations have a chamber of commerce mentality and hate to admit there might be a thunderstorm messing up their lovely countryside. They prefer to call them "towering cumulus" until the things start uprooting trees.

Worrying about the girls, I kept detouring that cloud and a couple more behind it until I found myself 60 miles north of course. Seeing still more stuff to the east I cancelled my flight plan by radio and landed at Jefferson City, where I called St. Louis to find out about No. 20. They had got through. The thunderhead wasn't quite ripe yet.

"Wow," said Tissee. "We had lightning bouncing on the wings and St. Elmo's fire on the propeller. Bouncy, too. Wow."

St. Louis' Weiss Airport has a pool—these Powder Puff people are pretty smart about picking official stops—and everybody there was very hospitable to the contestants. But I didn't find as many there as I'd hoped. I asked what happened to the Bonanzas.

"Oh, them. Went through the other day . . . lesssee, when was it?"

Well, I'd expected that, and at least it was a comfort to know that Mickey Clark was behind me, having had to find her way out of Mexico and having developed oil trouble east of El Paso. I mentioned Mickey to a fellow at Weiss Field and said it was nice to know I wouldn't be tail-end Charlie, anyway, which would destroy my male ego for all time.

"Yeh," he said, unsmiling. "I'm Paul Clark, Mickey's husband. I'm waiting for her."

I had forgotten she came from St. Louis.

BENDING THE THROTTLE

Out of St. Louis at sunset of the fourth day there was one hope of catching the race. Reading, Pa., was a mandatory stop, and there was a chance that most of these delicate little creatures who fly thunderstorms on dry tanks would rest up there for the grand dash to Massachusetts in the morning. It meant I had to bend the throttle for almost a thousand miles, but my masculine honor as well as my story was at stake. The Tri-Pacer had been waiting for this, and we made first-class time to Dayton, where I hooked the gas boy for speed until he looked to see if I had a skirt and a number on my plane. He'd been putting up with this stuff for a couple of days.

But it was too late. The thunderstorms started early, and worse, you couldn't spot them in the thick industrial haze. I landed at Columbus and took an airliner. The whole area through eastern Ohio, West Virginia and Pennsylvania had an epidemic of

thunderstorms that afternoon, and Genevieve Brown from Los Angeles, flying a Cessna 140, with 3,500 hours in her book, a Commercial license, instrument rating, Commercial Helicopter rating and Glider rating, crashed in West Virginia, demolishing her ship. A farmer's wife came upon Genevieve bleeding from a cut on her forehead, tearfully searching the bushes for belongings thrown out, and muttering, "My beautiful plane, my poor, beautiful airplane." Considering the terrain, she had made a first-class landing. When I sneaked into Springfield that night I found hardboiled contestants who had snapped at Genevieve's heels all the way in tears about it. Numbers 17, 24 and 32 never got in, due to mechanical trouble. No. 22 was disqualified for stopping overnight at an unauthorized field, and No. 40 didn't arrive until the race was officially over.

This time, it turned out, results were heavily in favor of the professionals, as if making up for Genevieve Brown's tragedy. First place, by a wide margin, went to Frannie Bern and her Cessna 180, whose par she topped by 25.91997 mph. This means that she averaged

175 mph for the trip, including time spent by Edna Bower, her copilot, racing around on foot with the logbook.

Edna, incidentally, doesn't fly, but she often rides with Frannie in races. I didn't have time to check her school track record.

The team of Alice Roberts of Phoenix and Iris Critchell of California, in No. 4, a Bonanza, proved that you can be first across the line and be a big winner, after all. With an average of 18.27672 over the par speed of the Bonanza, which at cruise is the hottest single-engine, four-place private plane in production, they streaked across the country in near-airliner time and spent three days in Springfield catching up on their sewing. Mrs. Roberts has 350 hours and Mrs. Critchell is a 3,500-hour professional, with multi-engine ratings, whose husband is an airline pilot. These two ladies were pointed out to me at the beginning of the race as the most serious-minded contestants of all. "Why, they won't even dip a wing when they pass you on a race," I was told. "It would change the angle of attack momentarily and upset their calculations." This was said in tribute as much as jest. It is a high skill and fanatics are valued.

To get back into subsonic speeds and show that the slower ones get in the money, third prize went to a Belanca Cruisair, No. 19 in the race, whose pilots, Esther Gardiner, of Connecticut, and Clarissa Holcomb, from Massachusetts, topped its par speed of 133 by 14.97124.

There was some excitement at the end, and I was able to move about unobtrusively interviewing winners; but then Mrs. Olive McCormick, of Muncie, Indiana, who made sixth place in a Tri-Pacer, commented on my miraculously timely arrival. I had been putting this off as long as possible, but here it was.

"Hey, don't tell me you finally got around to pouring the coal to it," she said.

I hung my head.

"Oh, no!" She stared at me, her mouth open. "You *couldn't*? Not an airliner."

"Oh, it might've been worse, Olive," said a motherly-looking contestant, who must have been one of the fast ones because I hadn't seen her before. "He could have taken a train."

"I would have walked first," I declared.

"Well, don't take it so hard, honey," the lady went on. "A little more experience and you'll be able to keep up with most of the girls." **(END)**



DETERMINED PILOTS FLIRTED AUDACIOUSLY WITH DRUMS ANVIL-TOPPED THUNDERHEADS

AT HOME WITH SWAPS IN CALIFORNIA

The Kentucky Derby winner continues to act like the country's top horse despite training conditions that would make a bluegrass blueblood wince

by JAMES MURRAY

AS HORSE RACES GO, the \$57,750 Westerner at Hollywood Park last Saturday wasn't much. The 45,544 who showed up at the sun-bathed, pond-bedecked race track were there for the same reason tourists are at Niagara Falls—to see a wonder of nature. In this case it was a red-gold, 3-year-old race horse, Swaps, who can run faster and farther than any California-bred horse and whom Californians are beginning to brag about out loud as one of the all-time runners of the American turf.

When the great colt walked on the track, the announcer chastely introduced him merely as the Kentucky Derby winner. But when the race was over, Hal Moore was as recklessly superlative as other Californians. "Ladies and gentlemen, in the winner's circle, Swaps, California's candidate for Horse-of-the-Year, the incomparable Swaps!" In the press box veteran turf-writers were of a mood to hurl their adjectives even higher in the air.

"Horse-of-the-Year! Hell, he's the horse of 25 years—maybe more." Even the more cautious, like the Los Angeles Examiner's Maurice Bernard, found themselves shaking their heads to marvel: "Did you ever see anything like that?"

Few Californians could say they had. When the bell rang and sent the horses stampeding out of the gate, Swaps even did that better than his opposition. The horses struggling in his wake never could seriously press him. "He tried to run, but I never did let him go,"

Jockey Willie Shoemaker confessed.

In spite of Shoemaker's restraining hands, Swaps won by six lengths. His time, 2:00.35, was only four-fifths of a second off Noor's track record. He ran the first mile in track record-tying time of 1:34.45. Second at the final was the overmatched claimer, Fabulous Vegas, but third was Jenn's Joe, a Nasrullah colt once considered serious opposition for Swaps, who chased Swaps to the wire in the Santa Anita Derby. Of the \$192,093 bet on the race Saturday, all but \$35,059 was bet on Swaps.

TALKING BIG

Around Hollywood Park they are no longer asking whether Swaps is better than Nashua—it's whether he's as good as Man o' War. But the race was more than just a triumph for Swaps. It was further convincing proof that a pair of Arizona cowboys have not only crashed the select circle of championship horse breeders, they have temporarily taken it over.

Thoroughbred breeding has been thought to be pretty much the domain of the big rich—the Aga Khans, the Klebergs, the Alfred Vanderbilts. Never, outside of a Hollywood horse opera, has an unlikely character than Rex C. Ellsworth come forward to beat the well-heeled at their own costly game. Not a reckless man and one you would never accuse of gambling, Ellsworth nevertheless seemed in the view of many to be throwing his last precious blue chips in the pot when he went to England in 1948 and bought

Swaps's sire, Khaled, from the Aga Khan for \$160,000.

The point was, Ellsworth and his trainer, Meshach Adams Tenney, a slender, patient little man who had been foreman of the Ellsworth family ranch in Arizona, felt they knew the secret of championship breeding. All they lacked was superior bloodlines.

At first glance the Ellsworth-Tenney ranch at Chino, 30 miles on the desert side of Los Angeles, seems hardly the place to raise Horses-of-the-Year, or even thoroughbreds. It looks more like a stockyard than a blueblood breeding ground. Its 300 acres are cut up into 32 long, narrow pens—each 756 feet long by 132 feet wide and each enclosed not in white wood but iron wire. Ellsworth engineered his farm so that one of his cowboys could get a horse from any part of the complex in one continuous ride and lead him up a system of areaways directly to the ranch's one loading ramp without having to open a gate. "We don't have to send the cavalry out to round up horses here," says Ellsworth, a laconic man who talks even less than Tenney (see p. 58). "One cowboy can load a van full in a short time."

There isn't a tree in sight, and the breaking corral and the areaways don't even have any grass. The lack of verdure distresses Ellsworth not at all. "I have raised horses in a corral without one blade of grass—and I have come to California and broken track records and won money with them," he says.

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



A HAND-WORKING BUSINESSMAN-RANCHER, REX ELLSWORTH, WITH SWAPS'S SIRE, KHALED, HAS BECOME CALIFORNIA'S TOP BREEDER

VIEW FROM BARN ROAD SHOWS ELLSWORTH'S MODEST PINK STUCCO HOUSE AND PART OF RANCH'S FLAT 300 ACRES OUTSIDE OF CHINO





YEARLINGS are driven up one of many alleyways to a special breaking-in corral. Owner Ellsworth personally takes charge of the initial "schooling" sessions.



REX, as he is called by every hand on his unpretentious Chino ranch, sits alone in sandy corral to file down a high-heeled cowboy boot, his everyday footwear.



LEARNING to obey the reins, one of the primary lessons of many schooling sessions for yearlings, is taught by Ellsworth ranchers in a grace-bare, narrow and solidly fenced corral on the ranch.



RANCH OFFICE, simple and functional, is where Ellsworth and Foreman Simon "Chop" Chavarria talk over reproduction charts on each of 63 mares served by Khaled and three other studs.



BEYOND TRAINER MESHAH TENNEY'S MAILBOX STAND COMFORTABLE HOUSES OF RANCH HANDS AND HOME OF VET, DR. JOCK JOCODY

KENTUCKY DERBY WINNER SWAPS STARTED LIFE IN ONE OF 32 SUCH PASTURES WHERE MARES AND THEIR FOALS ARE SEEN FEEDING



SWAPS

continued from page 52

The mighty stud, Khaled, probably the world's most valuable piece of horseflesh, with services going for a whooping \$5,000 per and all booked up, lives in a virtual sandpit about the size of a subway platform on the old Ellsworth 60-acre ranch five miles from the Chino establishment. One end is walled in by his plaster-walled barn with holes in it. On the other end is a wire fence over which can frequently be seen hanging the ranch hands' wet wash. To Khaled it makes no difference, but the effect on the outsider is one of finding the Koh-inor diamond resting in a dirty shot glass.

BUSINESSLIKE BREEDING

Ellsworth built his ranch for efficiency and not for show. A lifetime around horses has taught both Tenney and Ellsworth that horses are what they are—dumb animals, amongst the dumbest, in fact—and the successful breeder is one who protects himself from them and them from each other. The wire fences are skillfully woven into a series of rectangles, for example, which has the effect of preventing the horses from pushing their heads through. Ellsworth feels that more great racing careers have been stopped by inadequate wood fences than by lack of shade trees. The araways between the pasture pens are adroitly placed to keep horses from biting each other over the fences.

Where wood is needed as a stout barricade—in the stalls and in the breaking and training corral—Ellsworth has devised the hang-the-expense idea of laying two-by-fours flat atop each other. This provides substantial protection and at the same time enough "give" to prevent the thoroughbreds from damaging themselves.

For a horse, in the view of Ellsworth, feed is far more important than environment and here he has splurged a quarter of a million dollars on an elaborate, electronically controlled feeding device which mixes master batches of minutely prescribed feed as carefully as a hospital dietitian brews up maternity ward formulas. The complex control panel, which looks fully capable of regulating a blast furnace, turns out carefully worked-out portions of molasses, Norwegian kelp, vermiculite and rolled oats. The kelp, which is cut off the coast of Norway, boasts of "60 different trace minerals and vitamins, among which are calcium, chlorine, iron, iodine, potassium, nitrogen,



FIGHTING BRAKES. Swaps crosses line first in Westerner last Saturday. Despite Jockey Sheemaker's restraining hand, Swaps missed track record by bare 4, 5 of second.

phosphorous and sulphur." Each horse gets a daily ration of 12 quarts. In all, the Ellsworth string includes 180 horses, 31 presently stabled at Hollywood Park, four studs, 65 mares, 40 yearlings and 40 foals at the ranch. Ellsworth feels the mixture is responsible for not only the glistening coats but also the finish-line spring on his horses, and—in the case of Khaled and Roman In—the glint in their eyes.

EASY LIVING

Ellsworth, who lives in a passionate-pink house less than half a furlong from the barn (he can get to the horses as quickly as a suburbanite can get to his station wagon), works night and day on the ranch. His messenger staff of highly dependable, God-fearing hands live in Ellsworth-provided homes right next door to the boss, and Ellsworth expects them to work as hard as he does. Hands, Ellsworth and Tenney share a liking for horses. Most are Mormons, as is Ellsworth, who as a young man was a missionary in South Africa. Tenney served the Mormons at about the same time in the Denver area.

Ellsworth and Tenney are Rex and Mishi to all ranch hands, from their longtime ranch foreman, Simon (Hop)

Chavarria, to the stoop laborers picking stones from the floors of the horse pens. Only on Saturdays, when he has an appointment in the winner's circle, does Ellsworth shake the sand out of his boots, grab his best suit and a pair of binoculars and drive his green Cadillac to the race track. He usually waits for the big race not in his private box but at stall No. 18 where the adoring grooms get the new big red ready for the day's business.

Swaps is pampered no more than the hard-working cow ponies. Where other stables usually wash down their prize colts after morning works, Swaps gets only the equivalent of a Saturday-night bath, like any other youngster raised on a ranch.

What Ellsworth, Tenney and Swaps have done primarily, in the conviction of many a long-suffering California and Wild West turf expert, is give ringing life to the canard that no really great horse can come from the semiarid West. It may take businesslike methods to prove the point, they concede, but a horse doesn't have to dine in Eastern vineyards to be a great runner.

Nashua? Well, what of him? argue Californians. Can Swaps heat him? He did, didn't he?

END

FOR THE VIEWS OF TRAINER MISH TENNEY ON WHAT
MAKES SWAPS A GREAT RACE HORSE, TURN THE PAGE

CONVERSATION PIECE:

SUBJECT: MESHACH TENNEY

Rex Ellsworth's chief trainer describes for SI's James Murray a new, businesslike approach to racing that has made their stable the most successful on the Pacific Coast

I NEVER pay no attention to who wins. I never go to the race track unless I have something running or sometimes for a real good race." Meshach "Mish" Tenney, Swaps's trainer, was talking. "Never bet," he continued. "Never do care to see other horses run. What good will it do me if I do know how they run? I can't tell my horses about the other ones. The only thing you can do for a race horse is control him. Get him fit and get him out the gate fast. What the other do has nothing to do with how good your horse is going to do."

Tenney strapped on his leather blacksmith's apron. He stood under the shed row of barn No. 57 in the Hollywood Park stable area. A moment before the loudspeaker had crackled urgently with a description of the fourth race. Tenney ignored the interruption.

"We do lots of things different from other stables. We don't walk our horses after a gallop on the track. We ride 'em at a walk around the track and paddock. That schools them and also gives them a cooling-out process. Then when they get back to the barn we let them take a good drink of water. When a horse is not hot, you can let him drink all he wants.

"Some stables feed their horses three times a day. We do it twice—at 4 in the morning and then in the afternoon at 3. I don't see no advantage to feeding more'n twice a day. Fact is, I suppose you could feed only once a day.

"Everything is on the floor. I think it helps a horse to eat or do anything else with his head down. It improves his circulation."

Tenney braced the left forefoot of a colt named Terrang between his legs and began to pare the hoof nail.

"What we like to do when we train yearlings is go into their stall on our cow ponies. We put the pony head-side-by-head with the horse and crowd him against the stall. We put the reins on him and then we take him out in the lane and gallop him. All the time

he's goin', our pony's right head-to-head with him. That way every move you make with him, you educate his mouth to the reins. If he stampedes, you can stampede with him—even if he takes a quarter of a mile to settle down. You're in a position to catch him up every time till he's educated.

"Then you can lean over him, slap him on the back, shoo flies off'n him, everything you can think of to gentle him. You get him so used to a man across his back that by the time a kid gets on him and goes to kicking him to make him go, it ain't much different.

"Anytime you hear anyone can't handle a horse, you just make the brag you can handle him. Then put a pony in front of him and he'll stand as gentle as you want him."

Tenney squinted over to stall No. 18 where Swaps stood munching his oats. "It ain't always horses are that easy to gentle. Swaps here. The day he won his 2-year-old stakes last year, we were pretty sure we weren't going to get him shod, he was so wild. Fact is, he was a little on the lazy side far as work went as a 2-year-old.

"We keep our horses content because

we always give them a clear understandable signal of everything we want them to do. When there's nothing to do, we give them their head. See the way Glenn is holding this colt? Loose. Not like some of those other stable hands. They grab a horse right up around the mouth and jerk his head down. How'd you like to have somebody pulling your head down to your chest? We don't spoil 'em either and we don't confuse 'em. Not like those parade horses you see that have to play the fool. The rider asks them to go and then pulls on them. The horses try to go and can't and this is what makes them prance."

Tenney was asked about the Ellsworth ranch. "Course I'm not saying those big farms with lots of open pasture aren't good. I would like to raise horses on them. But I think horses can be raised anywhere the climate isn't too severe one way or the other. If you furnish the feed, exercise and care, you can raise a horse without green grass around. It would help you to have thousands of acres in Maryland maybe, but you don't have to have all that land. I know one thing: the horses don't know the difference.

"Matter of fact, we raised our horses just as well in Arizona where it's really dry. California gives a percentage of the purses to breeders whenever the winners are California-breds. So we used to breed our horses in California, then move 'em to Arizona. But that got to be too much trouble; so we moved to California."

The subject switched to how Owner Rex Ellsworth came to buy Khaled, Swaps's great sire. "Rex talked to me about it some," Tenney said. "He dug Khaled out of those books. He picked out Nasrullah first but he talked to me for days about Khaled. The last couple of weeks before he went to England he studied those books like you would study something that means your life. He showed me how he could pick out



SWAPS AND MISH TENNEY

what he wanted from the stifles, the shape of the head, the length of the body, whether the hocks or ankles were good, whether the girth was too thick. Rex is the best conformation man I ever saw. He can look at a horse and predict whether he'll make a great runner or a good stud.

"Khaled turned out a good runner but after he'd won some races we decided to sell his services. His stud fee was high.

"Swaps was with the last crop of Khaled's foals we broke at the Ontario [Calif.] ranch. The way we looked at it, Swaps had no more, no less chance than the others. The thing is, if you know a horse has speed and his relations did well, you know he's a good horse.

"Swaps was fast all right, but he had courage too. That's something you find out as you go along. Swaps is game. He'll struggle when you ask him to."

BACK IN KENTUCKY

"When we took him back to Kentucky, I thought he had a real good chance along with Nashua and Summer Tan. I thought it was going to be a real good race.

"We knew Swaps was ready after his last workout here. We put him in a $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile race and I told Shoe [Jockey Willie Shoemaker] that we wanted him run as slow as we could in the first half and as fast as we could at the end. We wanted him to restrain that horse till the stretch. Well sir, Shoe practically strangled that horse for the first half mile, but he still ran within one-fifth of the track record for three-quarters and ran out another eighth to equal the track record for seven-eighths.

"We were looking for distance and stamina, not speed. We wanted to give him the habit of keeping calm the first part of a race.

"Since the Derby everybody's been talking about a match race with Nashua. Well, we're going to Chicago and then down to Garden State. My feeling is when you get two horses like that in the same area, there's always a chance they'll meet. But we're not planning it or training toward it. I'm just going about my business of raising a stable of horses.

"People have been saying Swaps is a great horse. I suppose he is. On past performance you could call him that. But we'll have to wait till he's older and see. A horse has to go through his handicap period before you can call him great. Let's wait and see. I hope he is. He has a look about 'em." **END**



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Or if you don't have time to make a blood donation before you leave remember that you can make a date for a donation in any community in the United States.

Check with your nearest Red Cross chapter about towns in your vacation area where you may donate blood . . . or better still, leave the pint of blood in your own home town before you go away. It's like leaving money in the bank for your dependents.

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CLASS BOATS

continued from page 17

the classic story of Harold Vanderbilt and the Brutal Beast, a one-design class local to the waters around Marblehead, Mass. In August 1937, just after he had sailed his *Ranger* to four straight victories over Thomas Sopwith's *Enderour II* in the last of the great America's Cup matches, Vanderbilt entered a special two-race match held at Marblehead for Brutal Beasts. Sailing a boat that was new to him and for which he had developed no feel, Vanderbilt, one of the finest sailors in the world, finished an inglorious last in both races.

One-design boats vary considerably from class to class in size, rig and hull shape. Some of them were specifically designed to meet local wind and water conditions. Others were designed purely as racing machines and some of these, like the Snipe and the Star, have won world-wide popularity. Boats from five continents, for example, competed in both the Star and Dragon Class races in the 1952 Olympics.

MILLIONAIRES AND MECHANICS

The one-designs have also been tailored to fit the needs of every size of pocketbook. They are sailed by millionaires and mechanics and by farmers, schoolteachers and crowned heads. King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece both own Stars, and a boat of the Dragon Class is sailed by the King of the Belgians. Prince Bira-bongse of Thailand competed in the World Championship Star races at Naples in 1953, losing to Italy's Captain Agostino Straulino, Olympic champion. The North American All Class champion is a 20-year-old youngster, Gene Walet III, from New Orleans. The champion of the largest class of them all, the Snipe, with 10,000 boats distributed throughout the world, is another 19-year-old, Tom Frost of Newport Beach, Calif. A current sailing instructor at the U.S. Naval Academy, Ensign Robert Englert, learned his sailing in one of the smaller class boats, the Thistle.

On the whole, one-design class boats are good and able sailers, although none of them are true deep-water boats. But even though they may not be built to cross the ocean, the one-designs have thoroughly demolished an old adage of the rocking-chair fleet. They've taught us that to become a good sailor it is not necessary to be born with a helm spoke in your hand and salt in your nose. (END)



SNIPE is largest class in world, with some 10,000 boats. Measuring 15 feet 6 inches over-all, Snipe costs up to \$1,200 complete, has small cockpit suitable only for racing.



STAR measures 22 feet 8 1/2 inches, is truly international racer (3,650 entries on five continents). She costs \$1,000 and up, is hauled out, kept bone-dry between races.



RAVEN is fast, 24-foot centerboarder. Popular in New England and Long Island (class now totals 210), she costs about \$1,100 new, has pioneered in using Fiberglas for hull.



INTERNATIONAL 14 claims to be fastest sailboat of her size (14 feet). With spinnaker set, she'll plane at 14 knots. Costing \$1,500, she is best in steady breeze.



INTERNATIONAL ONE-DESIGN is 33 feet 2 inches long, handles beautifully in heavy weather. No longer being made, International sells for \$5,000 second-hand.



DRAGON is favorite boat of Queen Elizabeth and Duke of Edinburgh. Dragon carries spinnaker and genoa, has cabin with room enough for two. Sells for about \$4,000.



COMET is excellent boat in light air but is likely to pound in heavy winds. Costing up to \$1,200 new, she is 16 feet long, has cockpit big enough to hold two sailors.



INTERNATIONAL 110 is sleek, 24-foot double-ended that paces like a polo pony on her hook-shaped keel. She carries a spinnaker, and costs only \$1,150 complete.



CHALLENGER MOTH measures 11 feet, is subdivision of overall Moth Class which has many modifications. Class now counts about 300 boats. Price for new Moth: \$525.



THISTLE, with new gadgets like halyard winches built into mast and roller reefing drum on boom, is one of fastest-growing classes, now counts 850 at \$1,600 per boat.



PENGUIN is tiny, 11½-foot centerboard adapted to shallow bays and ponds. Four thousand are scattered around country, cost only \$500, are perfect for children.



WOOD PUSSY is cat-rigged centerboard boat measuring 13 feet 6 inches overall. Wood Pussy costs \$770 complete; its racing activity is concentrated in Northeast.



CLASS A SCOW is called fastest class boat, with clocking of 28 mph. Equipped with twin rudders, she measures 38 feet, costs \$6,500 plus, alternates two spinnakers.



Y-FLYER has many fleets in Midwest and in Canada, is baby cousin of Class A Scow. She is 18 feet over-all, costs \$1,100 new, counts 350 boats in fast-growing class.



BEETLE CAT has ungainly gaff-headed rig, but is safe, broad-beamed all-weather boat. A handy boat in shallow waters, she measures 12 feet 4 inches, costs only \$675.

DEATH OF A SHROPSHIRE LAD

Captain Matthew Webb, first conqueror of the English Channel, attempted to recoup his dwindling fortune by swimming the terrifying Whirlpool Rapids below Niagara Falls. He did not live to tell the tale

by **JOHN DURANT**

ON THE morning of August 25, 1875, Captain Matthew Webb of Dawley, Shropshire, 27 year-old master of an English sailing vessel, woke up in a Calais hotel to find himself famous. The day before he had done the impossible: he had swum the English Channel, the first person in history to do so. While he slept that night the world heard all about him—how he had plunged off the Admiralty Pier at Dover and had battled currents and high seas for 21½ hours over a 50-mile zigzag course to reach the sands at Calais.

Days of glory awaited the Shropshire lad. At Dover, where a huge throng welcomed him upon his return, the mayor of the city said, "In the future history of the world I don't believe that any such feat will be performed by anyone else." Webb became a national hero. Crowds mobbed him wherever he went. Dignitaries clapped him on the back. A public subscription organized by Lord Stanhope netted him £2,000. The Prince of Wales opened his royal purse and handed him £5,000. Thousands flocked to see the stocky 5-foot 8-inch blond captain cleave the waters with the powerful stroke that had conquered the Channel. (Webb used the breaststroke, the crawl being then unknown. At the rate of 25 to 27 strokes a minute, he swam low in the water, with mouth and nose under, blowing porpoise-like as his head emerged.)

Acclaimed as the world's greatest swimmer, Webb toured English resort beaches giving swimming exhibitions

and staging feats of endurance. A couple of years of this, however, and interest in him began to slacken. He became more and more of a stunt man and would pick up a few purses by betting that he could stay in the water for a certain number of hours. Once at Scarborough he won £400 by swimming about for 74 continuous hours.

He came to this country in 1879 and swam from Sandy Hook to Coney Island, covering 16 miles against strong tides in eight hours. Following this feat, Webb returned to England and acquired a wife and a manager named Fred Kyle.

In 1881 he reappeared in the United States to bolster his diminishing fortune, but little money came in. He won \$1,000 by defeating George H. Wade of Brooklyn, "the champion ocean swimmer of America," in a five-mile match race at Brighton Beach, near Coney Island. In Boston he remained in a tank of water for 128¼ hours (with a 15-minute interval of rest at the end of each 24 hours). The stunt failed to cause much excitement and brought him no money.

In the summer of 1883 Kyle got him booked at Nantasket Beach, Mass., to give daily exhibitions of swimming. The captain was now no longer the shining Shropshire lad who had brought fame to England eight years before. At 35 he weighed 200 pounds, and his closely cropped hair was thin on top. With him at Nantasket, where he was no great attraction, lived his wife and their two small children.

What was needed, Manager Kyle

thought, was another big one like the Channel swim—something that no man had ever tried before. Like the Niagara River rapids below the falls, for instance—perhaps the angriest stretch of water on earth. If Webb could get through them he would again have done the impossible, and there would be a fortune in it.

A GORGE OF BOILING WATER

At the foot of Niagara Falls there is a huge circular gorge of constantly boiling water. The Niagara River empties out of the gorge and is relatively quiet for a brief stretch. Then, about two miles below the falls, it gathers momentum as the walls of the river close in. Through this ever-narrowing funnel a tremendous volume of water, wild for want of room, reaches a pace of nearly 30 miles an hour and throws the surface into a series of great billows that break up to 30 feet high. These are the Whirlpool Rapids, some three-quarters of a mile in length, and below them is the Whirlpool itself, a giant disk of foaming eddies and furiously revolving water. Uprooted trees caught in the rapids are tossed end over end like twigs and, in the Whirlpool below, have been known to boil about for weeks at a time before escaping downriver.

On June 10, 1883 the captain came to Niagara Falls to examine the rapids. Attired in a pearl-colored derby and gray frock coat, he drove along the river on the Canadian side and surveyed the rapids from the heights above. Then he walked down to the



FAME AND FORTUNE came suddenly to Webb, the 27-year-old Shropshire sea captain, when he swam from Dover to Calais in 1876. He covered 50 miles and it took him 21½ hours.

water's edge for a closer view. A few minutes' study seemed to satisfy him. "A rum bit of water," was his only comment. Kyle meanwhile was trying to persuade the proprietors of the various falls hotels to post \$1,000 as a guarantee and the railroads to run extra trains. He asked for 40% of the excursion proceeds, but neither hotels nor roads were interested, and the two men returned to Nantasket.

A few weeks later they were back in Niagara Falls determined to stage the event anyway. The reason? The captain, said Kyle, would draw such great crowds at Nantasket upon his return from Niagara that he would receive \$2,000 a week. Few believed him. Kyle distributed 200 circulars to newspapers throughout the United States and Canada, announcing that the feat would take place on the afternoon of July 24 and that Captain Webb would be in the Clifton House at 1 o'clock that day to meet members of the press. During the interview, at which only about half a dozen reporters were present, the captain played with a red clover blossom as he outlined his plan.

He would, he said, dive into the river and let the current take him down toward the rapids. He would try to

stay in the middle, away from the rocks along the river's edge. "When the water gets very bad I will go under the surface and remain beneath until I am compelled to come up for breath. That will be pretty often, I'll wager. When I reach the Whirlpool I will strike out with all my strength to keep away from the suction hole in the center. It may take me two or three hours to get out of the Whirlpool, which is a quarter of a mile long. When I get through I will try to land on the Canadian side, but if the current is too swift I will keep on down to Lewiston [five miles below] on the American side."

As the hour approached, some 500 spectators had gathered on the suspension bridge down-river, upon the cliffs on either side and along the river's edge. There was but one comment from the crowd: "If he goes in he'll never come out alive." No one knew this better than John McCloy, a veteran ferryman who had rowed back and forth across the calmer parts of the river for years. A few minutes before 4 Captain Webb walked alone from the Clifton House to the foot of the cliff where McCloy was waiting in his little skiff. He quickly undressed, tied a red cotton

breechclout around his loins (the same one he wore when he swam the Channel) and stepped into the skiff. As McCloy rowed slowly downstream he asked his passenger if he had a family and how much money he had left from the Channel swim. "Most of it is gone," Webb answered. "Well," said McCloy, "if I was you I'd go ashore and keep the rest." There was no reply and the two men went on in silence, as far down as the ferryman dared take the skiff.

THE CAPTAIN'S LAST PLUNGE

Far below on the suspension bridge, where the first wild water began, the crowd saw the captain stand up in the boat and plunge into the middle of the river. He came to the surface and with slow sweeping strokes went straight ahead toward the bridge. For several minutes he swam through smooth green water, gathering speed as he went, then hurtled like a startled salmon under the bridge and, a moment later, came to the first huge wave of the rapids. Instantly he was thrust to the surface. For a hundred yards or more the crowd caught glimpses of him as he was tossed wildly from crest to crest. Again he was engulfed and for more than 200 yards no one saw him, until suddenly he shot upward and spun crazily about, nearly erect above the water. Dead or alive, none could say. Then a rushing mountain of water closed over him, and he was seen no more. Less than four minutes had elapsed from the time he hit the first wave until his final disappearance.

Kyle left for Nantasket to comfort the captain's wife. Four days later searchers found the body down near Lewiston. It was face downward in the water, the arms and legs extended as though in the act of taking a breaststroke. A fisherman towed the body into a boathouse where it was guarded by a half-drunken sailor until officials could be summoned. Later an examination by three doctors revealed that there were no bones broken and no injuries sufficient to cause death; nor had Captain Webb been drowned. Their verdict was that life had been pressed out of him by the force of the water and that "no living body can, or ever will, pass through the rapids alive."

Today in a Lewiston cemetery "by brooks too broad for leaping" lies the grave of the Shropshire lad. "And the name died before the man." So run the lines of the poet A. E. Housman, another Shropshire lad. (END)

DOWN-TO-EARTH HUMAN BEING

Sirs:

As a charter subscriber to SI I have had many opportunities to compliment your fine writing staff but somehow I haven't written until now.

Your article on Preacher Roe (SI, July 4) was one of the finest to date. Selidom has an article offered so much. Not only is it one of the best word pictures of Roe, the man, the player, the down-to-earth human being he is, but it gave a real explanation of the spitball in fine detail, with illustrations.

I can honestly say that I was aware as I read the article of the enjoyment of a well-written, worthwhile piece of work.

I had the disadvantage of not being a Dodger fan but I do admire good writing and your magazine is continuing to do a really wonderful job.

SI is doing a far better job and making a much greater contribution than any other current publication covering the world of sports.

BILL WUCHERER

New York

WHERE IS THE HUMBLENESS
OF SINCERE REGRET?

Sirs:

This is one man's opinion of the story of Preacher Roe's rise to "stardom."

If an honest confession is good for the soul, perhaps Preacher Roe may someday reap the benefits of his cynical boast that for seven years he violated the rules of our national game—surely that's the only good that can come of it.

It was shocking to learn that one of the game's supposedly great stars achieved that apparent status only by the process of repeated cheating. It was also unfortunate that the manner in which he unburdened himself carried none of the humbleness of sincere regret.

The least the Preacher could have done was to keep his mouth shut, but apparently a mentality such as his could not fully enjoy being paid for trickery and deceit unless the whole country knew how "clever" he was. At the same time he has thrown a long shadow of suspicion across the really great stars of the game and has made the umpires appear to be completely incompetent. He has dirtied the reputations of some of his most glittering teammates. Never again will Campanella and Reese and Cox be regarded with the complete admiration they formerly enjoyed, and no doubt they shouldn't.

Baseball, the players, the fans, and in the final analysis, the Preacher himself, would have been far better off if he had taken his failures with the Cardinals and Pirates like a man.

TOM McREYNOLDS

Webster Groves, Mo.

TAKE A SABBATHAL

Sirs:

One year after your entrance into the world of sports with high ideals about *The Golden Era* you present us with Preacher Roe's message to American youth.

"Be better to win with outlaws than to lose with dignity. It is better to be a rich success than an honorable failure."

I think we need a very different kind of Preacher for our children.

BOLLING L. ROBERTSON JR.
Delaplane, Va.

PLEASE CONFIRM

Sirs:

Your article about Preacher Roe and the spitball simply confirms what many people have known for a long time—that the Dodgers are a bunch of bums!

CHARLES E. GOULD
Kennebunkport, Maine

BRING IT BACK

Sirs:

It was quite interesting to read Preacher Roe's story. It seems to me that he has a good point in believing that some steps are necessary to help the pitcher. I think that the spitball should once again be legalized. From Preacher's own record he did better after he started using the spitball and no doubt it helped him, as it would others, to stay in the National League a few years longer. This article will cause controversy. I'm sure of that much.

T. J. MILLER

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

CRAZY CUTUP

Sirs:

I have enjoyed everything in your fine magazine up to the issue in which appeared that revolting story by Dick Young about Preacher Roe.

When a man is a public hero, he acquires a reputation for integrity, and when he does not live up to that reputation he is cheating the public out of what it expects. A pitcher who admits throwing illegal spitballs and cutting the ball so that it will revolve crazily is giving a terrible example to youth and cheapening our national game.

Naturally our youth will do what the stars do, and because they will copy and throw spitballs, people are going to be hurt.

FRANK J. PARKER JR.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

GREAT KCOOP

Sirs:

Great! 'The Outlawed Spitball Was My Money Pitch.' I can't remember when I've enjoyed an article as much as I did this scoop by Roe and Dick Young.

JAY THOMAS

Idaho Falls, Idaho

UNDERCOVER

Sirs:

Your article on Preacher Roe was terrific! It is wonderful that your magazine uncovers things of this nature. Please uncover more of these unknown facts.

JEFFERY LANGE

Pittsburgh

I LIKE 'EM TOO

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on Preacher Roe since I'm a Dodger fan and my uncle is Preacher's lawyer.

I am puzzled that they outlawed the spitball. It seems to me that the pitchers deserve a break.

LEWIS FREEMAN

Columbus, Ohio

NEIGHBORLY FEELINGS

Sirs:

Nothing that I have read since the Black Sox scandal has so disgusted and nauseated me as the tawdry recital of ex-Dodger Pitcher Preacher Roe. If his story is not a setback to the thousands of honest and decent sports contestants in America who believe in fair play and abiding by the rules, then it's about time to draw the curtain from the bale of so many of our sports

continued on next page



heres. Mr. Roe took advantage of every low-down trick, then had the audacity to relate his shame and, with a smirk on his face, to implicate others on his team. That makes him low man on the totem pole of sportsmanship.

My foreign-born parents instilled into me, from the time I could remember the Golden Rule, that honesty and truth are always best. We have taught our two daughters the same, and they in turn their children. In my youth I played baseball and basketball, took a fling at track and swimming. I was never much good at any of them, but we played hard and to win, and we played fair and square, win or lose. I look back at those contests with honest pride.

Mr. Roe ends his article with the remarks that he has a nice home, a cabin just across the Arkansas border, a small bathhouse, etc. and he remarks, "Not bad for a little of country boy. I'm for spithalls. I like them."

Now I am wondering: after his remarks are digested by his neighbors, does he have their respect?

JAMES FALESE

Pelham, N.Y.

● West Plains, Mo. took Precher Roe's revelations in its stride. "The fact that he used the spitball doesn't change my opinion of him," says Dr. M. C. Amyx who has known Roe since he was a child. "When he used that ball he undoubtedly felt he had good reasons for doing it. Remember, he was playing in years when pitchers were having a rough time." Dick Gavit, Precher's next-door neighbor and a thoughtful student of the game, believes Precher was justified in using the spitball with equipment and ball parks favoring the batter. On the ethics involved West Plains seems united. "Precher never does anything that he sees in his mind as being wrong. He is one of the best men I've known," says another neighbor. Doctor Amyx agrees. "A real high type man."—ED.

THE IBC'S LITTLE HELPER

Sirs:

Mr. Jack O'Brien in his COLUMN OF THE WEEK in the July 4 issue expressed my thoughts as I watched, or I should say heard, the Martinez-Varela fight on TV.

Mr. Powers built up a good case for the IBC not to give Martinez a fight on TV for another year.

TV is doing very little to clean up boxing when it allows Mr. Powers to give out with his propaganda.

I want to thank Mr. O'Brien for convincing me that my eyes were not deceiving me.

H. STUART RAFF

Mount Holly, N.J.

LET'S CALL A HALT

Sirs:

Congratulations to Mr. Jack O'Brien and his article calling for a halt to the sarcastic fight announcing by Jimmy Powers. Whether Basilie manages to get to Vince's midsection remains to be seen—Powers says he is vulnerable there—but let's just let

Martinez fight in the way he finds most effective, and give him credit for it.

JAY REED

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

NAS HAS AN INTEREST?

Sirs:

What a thrill it is to pick up a magazine and see your own thoughts in the words of a real pro.

As I read each pointed paragraph of Mr. O'Brien's article I uttered cries of "Hear! Hear!" "Bravo," etc. Mr. Powers' personal likes and dislikes have not been confined to the Martinez-Varela match but this seemed to me to climax his previous renditions. We started to notice a few weeks previous to the Martinez-Varela fight that Mr. Powers most definitely had his heart set on one particular contestant and made all kinds of curious remarks about the "shortcomings" of his opponent. Contrast this with Mr. Powers' dull monologue when he was disinterested in both fighters!

Thanks for a terrific sports publication—and I do mean every issue.

BETTY BAKER

Montreal

HE HAS FAILED MANY

Sirs:

Why single out one fight to show the failings of Mr. Powers as a fight announcer? Take any fight he has announced and play it back. You will find his weakness always prominently displayed.

If the fight is below par, the sponsor cannot be held responsible, but certainly he must answer for the announcer he employs.

Once again SI carries the ball and presents in print the thoughts of many.

R. D. HAND

Omaha

COUNT YOUR CARS ONE BY ONE

Sirs:

I think that the best thing that I have read in SI since it was founded is John Marquand's *Happy Knoll* series.

Mr. Marquand is the perfect author to write about the American country club, its snobberies, counting of Cadillacs, pretentiousness and basic pettiness. The subject goes along with his novels beautifully. All of Marquand's characters have a lot in common—they have minds as shallow as a birdbath. Bob Lawton in *Happy Knoll* is no exception: he is most typical of the country club membership chairman.

I heartily approve of SI's policy of having great living authors write on some aspect of sports, in fact I think that is the outstanding feature of the magazine.

MICHAEL CALAGHAN

Minot, N.D.

SWAPS? WHO THAT?

Sirs:

Pooh . . . Reader Friedman (19th HOLE, July 4) doesn't know what he's talking about if he thinks Swaps can beat Nashua, the finest 3-year-old of the year. Native Dancer was, by far, last year's finest 3-year-old. When the Derby came around some obscure horse named Determone got lucky. It was the same this year. Nashua is the greatest 3-year-old of all time or at least he ranks with the best of them.

Now, as for this year's crop of Eastern 3-year-olds being mediocre, let me remind Reader Friedman that Summer Tan isn't quite a pushover.

Any horse that can win the Florida Derby, Prekrass, Belmont Stakes and the Wood Memorial (to name a few) could smother (and I use that term lightly) some unknown from California.

Mr. Friedman said in his letter that he would like to be the first to predict a victory for Swaps by eight lengths if a match race is arranged between Swaps and Nashua. Well, I would like to be the first to predict a victory for Nashua—by the same generous margin of eight lengths! This is, of course, if Swaps has the nerve to show up for the race.

DAVID NEYLAND

Summit, N.J.

● For other opinions on which horse is the better, see *HOTBOX*, page 6. And for a look at Swaps in his native habitat, see page 52.—ED.

NASHUA VS. SWAPS: A NATURAL

Sirs:

Millions of American racing fans would like to see Nashua & Swaps meet in a great match race this year.

It just takes a magazine like yours to try and get two great sportsmen, Mr. Woodward and Mr. Ellsworth, together and make it possible for two great champions to compete with each other. Nashua and Swaps are a natural—this only happens once in every 25 years.

ROBERT B. MORRIS

Santa Monica, Calif.

LIFETIME PARTNER

Sirs:

As a longtime lover of the bulldog, allow me to offer enthusiastic congratulations on your fine article. The author must have owned one!

Bulldog devotees among your readers might be interested to know that in a Monroe, N.C. cemetery stands a small, simple marker, inscribed with words to this effect:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY BULLDOG,
HE WAS AFFECTIONATE, COURAGEOUS,
AND LOYAL TO AN EXTENT GREATER
THAN MOST OF MY KINSMEN OR BUSINESS ASSOCIATES!

RICHARD DANA

Darlington, S.C.

● Writer Reginald Wells says he has 300 bats in his attic and a boxer and a dachshund downstairs. He has never owned a bulldog.—ED.

I DECIDED I MUST SEE NIM

Sirs:

As charter subscribers to SI, my son, my daughter and I have vastly enjoyed each issue, but none more than the July 4 issue which covers the AAU meet we attended in Boulder, Colo. last week.

Richard Meek's photographs of the meet are superb. It was his photograph of Arnie Sowell which appeared some weeks ago that sparked my interest in attending the AAU meet. I decided then that I was going to see Swell run at my earliest opportunity. Meek's photograph of the 880 at Boulder caught the determination in Sowell's expression which was described so well in Paul O'Neill's story. For poetry in motion, no ballet could rival the beauty of those five remarkable half-milers.

Paul O'Neill's accurate and colorful story

of the meet is notably in contrast to sloppy newspaper stories and columns about it. The last paragraph on Bob Richards' two outstanding performances was a fitting climax to an excellent story.

It was a joy to see so many accomplished track and field performers in one meet. Rod Richards, the Pan-American champ, caught my attention on Friday, and I was cheering for him all the way in the finals. I hope to see his name on some future record books.

Incidentally, it was fun for my family and me to find ourselves in the crowd in the picture of the half-sailors. SI is truly a magazine for spectators as well as participants. Spectators even got in the pictures!

DOROTHY NOTT SUTZER

Grand Island, Nebr.

BOSTON'S PATSY'S

Sirs:

Budd Schulberg's review of Archie Moore taking Bobo Olson apart in eight minutes (SI, July 4) was his usual tips in boxing reporting and all fight fans thank SI for giving Schulberg to the public at large.

From the vice of the gate of the South-Carter lightweight fight here in Boston this week, one would surmise that by the year 1936 the crown might be offered for six box tops plus two bits in coin.

Can't make television the patsy for that one, with Boston and nearby communities blacked out. Maybe the boxing public is at last smartening up and through diminishing interest may accomplish what the federal investigating boards appear to have willingly goaded—the cleanup of the boxing industry.

Might add also that you have a worthy co-writer along that line in Austen Lake, sportswriter of the local Boston American, who, like yourself, calls the shots in a vernacular suited to those who support the boxing game.

DICK COFFIN

Winthrop, Mass.

● For Austen Lake's analysis of the IBC's content for Boston fight fans, see SI, April 18.—ED.

JUNE INVOLVEMENT

Sirs:

Your June 26th article on boxing was of special interest to the oarsmen who rowed in the '55 Harvard-Yale race. You captured the atmosphere in both text and pictures, especially the close grating contest in which the four of us were involved last June.

RICHARD W. D'ARRELL
RANDOLPH HARRISON
HOWARD G. ALSTIN JR.
WILLIAM E. CHOWDER JR.

Red Top, Gales Ferry, Conn.

WHO GOOFED?

Sirs:

In SI, June 27, the caption for the picture of Willie Mays stated that Mays had a slugging average of .067. Is there a difference between slugging and batting averages? If not, somebody goofed.

Keep up your investigation of boxing's dirty business.

ANDREW J. SPILNER

Los Angeles

● Batting average is not the same as slugging average. To get a slugging

average, divide the players' total times at bat into the total bases made on all hits.—ED.

NOT THE NATION'S PLAYGROUND

Sirs:

Wallace Stegner's recent article *We Are Destroying Our National Parks* (SI, June 13) really pointed up the fundamental problem.

To be sure, the National Park Service is operating on a starvation budget with funds going into channels that do not alleviate the problem of protection and proper administration. The service is doing the best job possible with limited funds and personnel, but in spite of its dedication to the ideals of the national parks standards and the mandate of Congress to pass these areas on "unimpaired to future generations," as Stegner points out so forcibly, the real problem is that the American people have failed to understand that their national parks are not glorified summer or winter playgrounds, but places of inspiration and beauty that have a far higher purpose.

Until the real significance of these last reservations of primeval America is recognized, no amount of money or closely supervised use will save them. The goal is not impossible but it will take a vastly stepped-up educational program by the National Park Service as well as the National Parks Association and all other vitally concerned groups to bring it about.

SEYMOUR F. OLSON

President

National Parks Association

Washington, D.C.

TWISTED MINDS AT MIDNIGHT

Sirs:

I have come to the point where I can hold off no longer; who or what are the gents that contribute those four little creepy lines we find each week, with suitable illustration, in *EVENTS & DISCOVERIES*?

We have had matadors heaved over the fence by bulls, dim-eyed swimmers diving into empty pools, fencers impaled on their practice foils and track runners shot by the starting pistol.

I don't for a moment believe that there really are such people as Irwin Stein and Barney Hutchinson, who generally sign these miniature massacres. My wife thinks it's a heretic relative of Charles Addams. My daughter, a girl with a twisted mind of her own, has John O'Reilly, your gentle nature correspondent, tagged as the author. She thinks that it's the way he gets the venom out of his system before spreading sweetness and scent on Mother Nature.

One answer as to how these little poison-pen epics might arrive in your office came to me on the stroke of midnight last full moon in this form:

A QUIET PLACE TO WORK

My analyst's pad

Sports a psychopod's sonnet

SI's ghoulies—ED.

Will get copyright on it.

GRANT MIDDLETON

Topeka, Kan.

● Barney Hutchinson, who once handled public relations for Clara Bow, says he is a quiet type who sits behind third base and has Walter Mitty-like dreams of being called on to pinch-hit in the ninth with the bases loaded. "Please assure the reader," he says anxiously, "that I am no Addams character." Irwin Stein, a research librarian, says he is meek, mild and middle-aged, a promiscuous reader, a collector of chess scores and kind to his wife and dog. Mr. Hutchinson introduced the quatrain with its lemon peel twist of the macabre that has become a fixture of SI's E & D pages, and Mr. Stein quickly caught on to the technique. Both poets like fishing and live in Los Angeles.—ED.



"I'm in it not so much for the money as for the contacts."

PAT ON THE BACK

JOSÉ AGUERO

The 1955 collegiate tennis champion, José (Pepe) Agüero, 22, makes his home in Rio de Janeiro (he plays on Brazil's Davis Cup team) and attends college at Tulane. Pepe, who was taught tennis by his father (now a pro in Rio), beat the University of Washington's Bill Quillian for the NCAA title. Too small (5 feet 7 inches, 135 pounds) for a power game, he retrieves strongly, forces opponents into errors.

JOE CAMPBELL

The 1955 collegiate golf champion, Joe Campbell, 19, of Anderson, Ind., comes from a golfing family. His mother, father, brother and paternal grandparents all play. Joe learned when he was 8. Now a sophomore at Purdue, he has not lost a match in a year, currently holds the Indiana Amateur Junior and Public Links titles. Joe whipped Johnny Garrett of Rice, 3 and 2, to win the NCAA crown at Knoxville, Tenn.





New California home by architects Jones & Emmons
and builder Joseph Eichler
as seen in the July issue of **house home**

Nearly all the new houses built this year
show the influence of a new magazine which
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